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FOREWORD

It is customary to state that this last year has been the best so far. While it is no doubt true in this case, we should expect no less. Every living being or organization is either improving or declining at any given time. We expect constant changes, and use all our efforts to see that these changes are in the right direction. That is part of our education for the problem of living. We must keep the student frame of mind, enquiring, examining situations, seeking the best way of handling difficulties and being willing to try anything new which promises results.

Next year we will likely have a chance to exercise this philosophy of open-mindedness. We will be overwhelmed with the rising population. If the city can afford it, no doubt we will have a new school in the north end. If the city cannot afford it, we will have to do the best we can, cheerfully and without complaining too much.

But change is inevitable. Let us take the worst that fate can inflict on us with a cheerful grin, and treat it as experience or as an adventure.

F. H. Wood



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Third Row—Harley Neilson, Beverley Gaynor, Peter Flemming, Mr. Reynolds.
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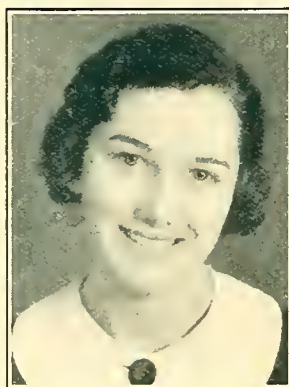
THE EDITOR'S PAGE



WE promised in September to have the book out early, and here it is—the 1934 *Howler*—and we leave it to you to judge whether it is any the worse for its speedy journey from the pupils to the ruthless staff—from there to the printer's, and, to complete the circle, back to you.

This year has been rather out-of-the-ordinary. Things have been happening with such rapidity that it is almost impossible to keep up with them. Our Senior Rugby Team, coached by Mr. Reynolds, started the year off by winning the city championship for the first time. That alone, if nothing else had happened, would have caused enough excitement to last throughout the year. The old saying, "Pride goeth before a fall," had us a little worried, even in the midst of our glory, but no—ours was the exception that proved the rule. North Toronto wasn't going to stop with winning the Senior title—Oh, no—our Bantams decided that! They heard that Mr. Thomas Church was donating a Bantam cup. They thought it would look extremely well in front of the auditorium, so they set out to get it, and they did! Our Juniors put up a real fight, but didn't quite make the grade. Better luck next year.

Then our track team got their heads together and thought they would prove that Rugby was not the only thing North Toronto excelled in, and as a result of the huddle, brought home



MARION GREENSHIELDS
Editor

three Canadian titles. Mr. Bryce ably coached the boys along this line.

Among the many other features in the magazine, you will notice our Anniversary Page. This year North Toronto is celebrating its twenty-first birthday. Our school comes of age! If it has accomplished as much as it has in the past when it was only a mere child, what will it do now that it is an adult? We shall see!

We hope you will get as much enjoyment out of the magazine as we have had in producing it! We have aimed to please in this, the thirteenth edition of the *Howler* and hope it meets with your hearty approval.

This year, in spite of the fact that we hurried things along at a heretofore unheard of rate of speed, the material submitted was splendid. For the whole-hearted co-operation of our fellow students, the editorial staff expresses its appreciation.

To Miss Menzies we extend a vote of thanks. What we would have done without her we don't know and are afraid to think. Mr. Medcof and Miss Mahoney have been invaluable as staff advisors. Also Miss Fenwick, Mr. Bryce and Mr. Page have done a great deal to make our sport's section bigger and better than ever. Mr. Sid. Reynolds has inspired the advertising staff to bigger and better efforts and has shouldered all our financial burdens—who could be better fitted for

the position? Thanks, Mr. Reynolds. We take this opportunity to beg the pardon of and to sincerely thank those teachers whom we have pestered to death during and out of school hours, and who gave us their co-operation so good-naturedly. Without Colonel Wood's influential and whole-hearted support I'm afraid we would still be taking pictures, and so we thank him on behalf of the school and staff. Mr. Farmer and Lee Foster worked unceasingly and made possible the many wonderful pictures in the book. And lastly, but not least by any means, we thank the form reps. for their enthusiastic work in getting notes and in selling tickets—and the advertising staff which makes the magazine possible.

The Teaching Staff

We take advantage of this small space in the *Howler* to say a few words about those who have recently joined our staff, and also about those who have left to travel elsewhere.

We welcome Miss Scanlon who, on her return from Harbord, has resumed her work in Art.

Mr. Medcof, a graduate of Queen's, comes to North Toronto from Humberside. He is now the head of our English Department.

Mr. Baker, of the English Department, also a Queen's graduate, formerly taught in Kitchener and is now in his first year at North Toronto.

To these who have this year joined our staff we extend a hearty greeting and hope that their career here may be a most successful one.

THE PREFECTS

Head Prefects—Ernest Rollaston and Jean Francis.

This year a new advancement in self-government has developed at North Toronto, namely, the organization of a Prefect Body. Four were elected in each fifth form, two boys and two girls, and these twenty-eight elected from their numbers, two head prefects and two runners-up.

The prefects represent the school and all complaints are brought to their notice. The girls have acted as school hostesses on several occasions. The most important of these

was the Commencement Tea, at which the girls served tea to over sixty prominent Toronto personages. The boys are ushers, whenever any are needed, and during the rugby games played on our field, they did splendid policing work. The Rugby Dance, staged after Commencement by the prefects, was a complete success.

The duties of the prefects for this year have been rather indefinite, but they will be fully organized for next year's group if this experiment continues with the success with which it has begun.

We hope you will have noticed the new initial pages—the first being the work of Bill Reid-Lewis, who also designed for us the very attractive cover. Bill has been the much-in-demand magazine artist and has many cartoons throughout the book. The sports initial page was done by Felix Green.

THE LITERARY CONTESTS

We ask you to join us in congratulating the winners of the Literary Contests.

The prize for Short Stories was awarded to William Wood, who wrote "Uneasy Lies the Head." The winner of the Poetry prize was Nellie Coe, whose poem, "Sky," was judged the best.

Honourable Mention

SHORT STORIES

GENUISSA'S TRUCKLE BED, by Ardath Huddleston.

LORD BLESSYS, by William Barringer.

DERMON'S DESTRUCTIVE DISCOVERY, by Ted Heslop.

POETRY

LONELINESS, by Barbara Pritchard.

I DARE NOT, by Margaret Forsythe.

FRIENDSHIP, by John Newbold.

WINTER AND SUMMER, by Betty Kirk.

VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS, by Bill Barringer.

These stories and poems were splendid, as were many others submitted. We regret that we could not print all of them, but this year, of necessity we have been forced to cut down the number of pages and consequently the space allotted to the Literary Section was limited. Thank you all again and good luck!

AUDITORIUM EVENTS

A Few Brief Notes On Events Which Have Called Us to Our Auditorium During 1933.

Remembrance Day

*"They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old;
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn;
At the going down of the sun and in the morning,
We will remember them."*

At a time when there was so much discussion as to the meaning of Germany's militaristic attitude, it was particularly fitting that "Remembrance" was the keynote of the services held on November 10th to commemorate the Peace Treaty of the World War.

The students took their places in the Assembly Hall shortly after nine o'clock, to the subdued strains of the orchestra. That familiar hymn, "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," was sung, and followed by the Bible Reading and Prayer.

Magistrate Jones, the special speaker, introduced himself as a former pupil of North Toronto. The visitor noted that Armistice Day had been changed to Remembrance Day. "After all," Magistrate Jones stated, "'armistice' means merely a cessation of hostilities, while 'remembrance' stands for something larger and fuller." He appealed to the pupils to remember only the sweeter side of life, forgetting the bitter and rancorous thoughts that war breeds, in order that "we may have roses in December."

Maxine Wilson spoke briefly on the "League of Nations." "The Futility of War" was the subject chosen by Felix Green.

"O Valiant Hearts" followed next on the programme. The students were then addressed by Mr. Shaw, who exhorted us to remember the courage, truth and honour that characterized those who had demonstrated the "greater love." All stood and paid respectful tribute while Mr. Shaw read the names of the boys who had paid the supreme sacrifice.

Two minutes of silence was observed, to be broken by the poignant notes of the "Last Post," played by Arthur Scriven.

Another hymn and the singing of the National Anthem concluded the Remembrance Day service.

The Reverend Mr. W. J. Johnston, of Eglington United Church, addressed the Junior Assembly.

MR. JOHN ELSON

(November 4th)

On the occasion of Canadian Book Week, the Junior Assembly was fortunate in having Mr. John Elson speak to them on "Canadian Authors." Mr. Elson, himself a prominent author, historian and lecturer, gave some interesting verbal sketches of our most prominent Canadian writers. In his own fascinating manner, he told of the occasion of his first meeting with Bliss Carman, the famous and eccentric Canadian poet, and something of the life of Stephen Leacock and L. M. Montgomery, the creator of the beloved "Anne of Green Gables." Many of the pupils were surprised to know that Marshall Saunders, author of "Beautiful Joe" and other books, lives in a little house in Lawrence Park, and keeps a small bird and animal sanctuary as a hobby. These and other interesting facts rounded out a very entertaining informal talk, and we are sure that the school as a whole will welcome Mr. Elson heartily on the occasion of his next visit.

MR. THOMAS CHURCH

(Tuesday, November 12th)

On the morning of November the twelfth, the school was honoured by a visit from Mr. Thomas Church, many times Mayor of the City of Toronto. He came for the purpose of presenting the Gooderham Cup, which is awarded to the Toronto High School Rugby Champions, and won by our "Seniors" in their valiant campaign for honours.

Mr. Bryce, Mr. Reynolds and members of the team filed on to the platform to the tune of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

Mr. Church, introduced by Col. Wood, gave a short address on sportsmanship in which he alluded especially to the fine sportsmanlike deportment of the teams of North Toronto Collegiate. He then presented the cup to Mr. Reynolds, who modestly accepted it on behalf of the team. The individual members of the team were then introduced by Mr. Reynolds, and each was acknowledged by enthusiastic applause.

◆ THE EDITORS' CONVENTION ◆

Where criticisms—constructive and otherwise—were gathered by your delegates.

* * * *

DELEGATES—Marion Greenshields, Johanne Klein, Elmer Doan, Arthur Dunbar.

* * * *

TEN O'CLOCK on the morning of Friday, November 17th, marked the occasion of the opening of the eighth annual High School Editors' Convention, sponsored by Sigma Phi, the Women's Honourary and Professional Journalistic Fraternity of the University of Toronto. As the opening hour approached, representatives of high schools all over Ontario gathered in the rotunda of Convocation Hall in the University of Toronto, and after enrolment took their places for the opening.

The delegates—four of them from North Toronto—were welcomed by Miss Helen McKee, President of Sigma Phi. The freedom of the University buildings and grounds was extended by the President, Dr. H. J. Cody. Mr. Dunlop, of the Department of University Extension, humourously outlined the purpose of the Convention. He explained this to be mainly an effort toward the betterment of the quality of high school magazines, through the medium of discussion of the various problems encountered by the students in the publication of their journals. There followed an interesting discussion of Modern Advertising, by Mr. Elton Johnston, of the Clarke E. Locke Advertising Agency. The Convention then broke up into groups, under the leadership of experienced men. Each group discussed some one phase of magazine edition, the rudiments, essentials, and problems of each. This concluded a busy morning, and the gathering adjourned for luncheon.

Two o'clock saw us again gathered in Convocation Hall, where Professor Louis A. MacKay, of University College, lectured on Short Story Writing. Mr. Lou E. Marsh, of "Pick and Shovel" fame, gave, in his inimitable manner, a half-hour talk on Sports Writing. We then dispersed for a little educational diversion, and were given our choice of being conducted through one of three large Toronto

printing establishments. The North Toronto delegates chose to view the inner workings of the MacLean Publishing Company.

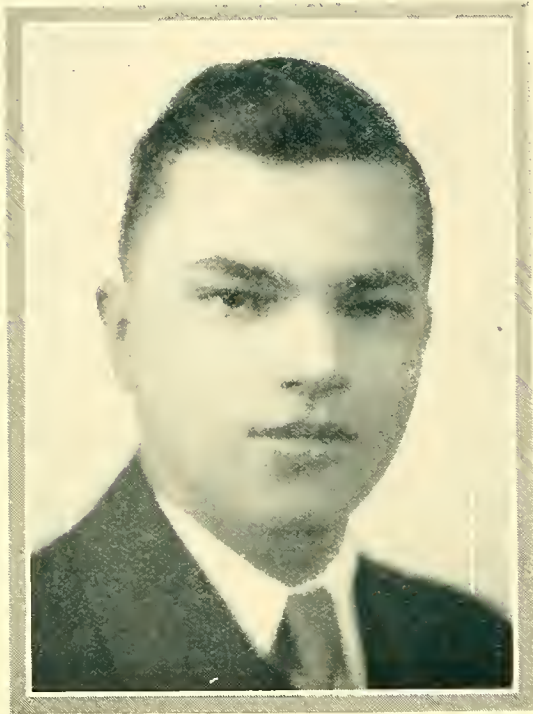
Soon after six, with the roar of machinery still in our ears, we arrived in the lounge of Eaton's College Street Store for the big banquet. It consisted of literally everything from soup to nuts, including turkey with the appropriate trimmings. After the dinner were tendered the usual toasts, among them, "Our Guests," ably responded to by our esteemed editor, Marion Greenshields. Later, the prizes for the best magazine cover design, short story and magazine make-up were presented. While the *Howler* failed to qualify, it received honourable mention from Mr. Augustus Bridle, of the Daily Star, whose criticism of the school magazines was generally favourable. This concluded a highly enjoyable evening.

The next morning, we assembled once again in Convocation Hall, despite all the Santa Claus Parade could do to keep us away. Mr. Stuart Thompson, of Brigden's Limited, gave a lengthy discussion on Magazine Make-up, followed by a short talk on Feature Writing by Miss Mona Clarke, the editor of Gossip. Reports on the group discussions of the preceding morning, succeeded a talk by Mr. Napier Moore, of MacLean's, on Magazine Editing. Mr. Charles Goldhammer gave an illustrated lecture on Magazine Art, the last of the series of discussions. Dr. J. H. Althouse, Headmaster of the University Schools, tendered the closing address, which officially ended the Convention for 1933. Though the Convention was over, we saw Tony Sarg's Marionettes at the Eaton Auditorium to round out the afternoon.

We wish to convey our thanks to Sigma Phi for an intensely interesting, instructive and enjoyable session, and hope that all their succeeding efforts will be crowned with equal success.

★ VALEDICTORY ★

Our Graduates of 1933 Bid Au Revoir to "North Toronto" Through Their Representative, James A'Court.



James A'Court

COLONEL WOOD, Honourable Guests,
Ladies and Gentlemen:

As this is probably our last formal visit to the school, I should like to take this opportunity of thanking all of those who have helped us in any way during our school career. One, of course, to whom we owe a great deal, is Colonel Wood. In the lower forms he is regarded with a good deal of awe. Then among the higher students, some begin to get a little critical, saying among themselves what they would have done on certain occasions, had they been in his place. However, I am sure that a little thought will convince you all that anything Colonel Wood does is for the benefit of the student body as a whole, and the school itself. The teaching staff particularly deserve credit, for theirs is a hard task, and much of their work is unappreciated by the students. As soon as you leave the school, however, and no longer have the same teachers to rely on, you will realize what a great

help they have been, and the debt you owe them.

Dictating notes and assigning a fixed amount of work each night tend to cause the student to lose any initiative he or she might possess. Of course these things are necessary, for otherwise some students would never do any work, but to the student who takes his or her work seriously, and especially to those who intend going on to university, it is absolutely vital to learn to work alone, only going to the teacher for help when a special difficulty is met. At this point I should like to congratulate, on behalf of last year's class, North Toronto's Senior football team on winning the city championship. It is an achievement worthy of merit, and, we hope, only the forerunner of other similar successes. With regard to games, they are an essential part of everyone's life. They really serve two purposes. First of all, they are a source of healthy recreation, and for this reason alone everyone should partake in them. But games also have another just as important function, that of character building, and the best game for this purpose is the team game. Where a group is playing together, a spirit of co-operation is developed which is invaluable, because it remains after the game is over, and is then applicable to other things. Those who offer lack of ability as a reason for non-participation in games, I would urge to remember that it is not necessary to excel in sports in order to be a good sport, and in the eyes of everyone of intelligence, the good sport is preferable. Thus I would say that everyone, from the first former up, ought, if physically able, to take part in some form of sport.

This mention of the first former recalls a point of psychological value, the attitude of the first former to the fifth. If you people in fifth form will just go back four or five years, you will be surprised to discover how your attitude toward the fifth former has changed. Now, to you, they are common-place, ordinary people, no better in any way than

yourself, many of them worse. But in first form, fifth formers are regarded as almost unapproachable, and certainly to be respected. This change is natural, but the attitude of the first former is an extremely strong argument in favour of the prefect system, instituted in this school by Colonel Wood. A few in the upper forms are not inclined to take it seriously, but a little broadmindedness and co-operation from them would do a great deal towards its success.

A very important part of school life is that played by the various clubs and societies. Not only do these promote interest in, and extend the knowledge of the arts to which they devote themselves, but once again that spirit of co-operation and sometimes of healthy rivalry is developed. This value is apparent when one considers that, except in a few cases, one's progress is inseparable from social environment, and to succeed in anything, one simply must be socially related to others.

Perhaps the greatest thing for which we have to thank our high school is the fact that we have, in part at least, received an education. What do we mean by that? There is an idea very prevalent among certain people, usually of an over-practical turn of mind, that most of the subjects taught in high school are of little use to the student in later life. What's the use of Latin? And if Latin is going to be of some use to a man, certainly mathematics will not help him, in any way, and so on. Now all this is extremely narrow-minded. The purpose of a secondary education is not merely to amass knowledge, but to learn how to think, how to meet and solve for oneself, problems that will later arise. If a man cannot think for himself, he will always be dependent on someone else—and certainly no one will deny that the original thinker enjoys greater freedom and scope for advancement than the mere imitator. Therefore when you are inclined to consider your studies dull, remember that in making you exercise your brain, they are rendering you a service of the greatest value.

As we look back over the last few years, at North Toronto, it is with a feeling of justifiable pride that we recall its growth during

our stay here. All the improvements—an extra storey, new cafeteria, new gymnasium, playing field and track, and an enlarged enrolment—reflect its rise to the position of one of the largest and best collegiates in the city. This increase in size, moreover, has been accomplished by an increase in the quality of the school. As examples of this, we have the fine showing of our track team last year in the Canadian meet, the winning of the city championship by the football team this year, the increased number of scholarships won by the school in the past five years, the winning of the Star Shield for the best high school magazine in Ontario by the *Howler* in 1931, and many other achievements. Since we cannot live in the past, though we may think fondly of it at times, the important thing is the influence of past deeds on the future of the school. A standard is set and as each year goes by, that standard is raised.

And now, in conclusion, I should like to repeat, as a little incentive perhaps, four lines from Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty." These lines may be adopted for our purpose as explaining the struggle undergone at school, and the lesson learned there—learned, but not fully realized till after graduation. The poet makes this confession to Duty:

"And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray,
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if
I may."

* * * *

"Uncle, are you really a cannibal?"

"What makes you think that?"

"Well, mother says you're always living on
somebody."

* * * *

Phonetic Love

O.M.L.E. what X.T.C.

I always feel when U.I.C.

I used to rave of L.N.'s eyes,

For K.T. I gave countless sighs.

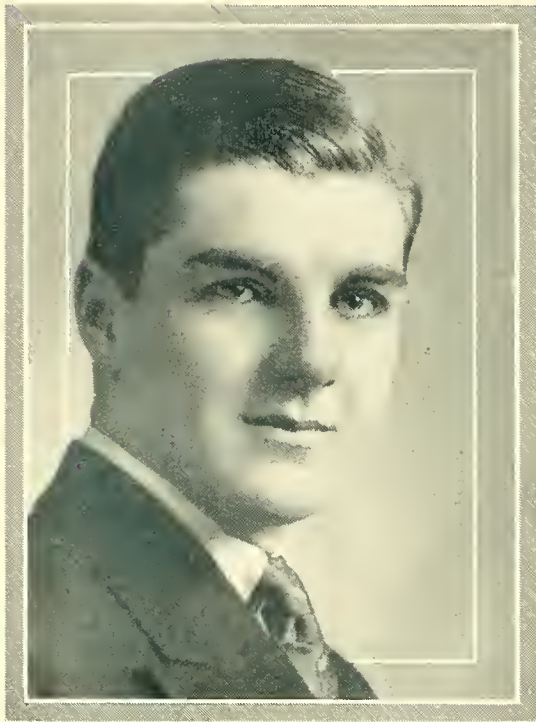
For L.C. too, and L.N.R.

I was a keen competitor.

But they're a non-N.T.T.

For U.X.L. them all, U.C.

★ THE KERR CUP ★



Moore Tafts—Kerr Cup Winner

THE Kerr Cup, one of the most coveted trophies of the school, was won this year by Moore Tafts. There were eleven pupils nominated, but because of his Academic and Athletic standing, and his popularity around the school, "Paddy," as he was familiarly known, was awarded the honour.

Paddy started his high school career at North Toronto in 1928. For the next five years he maintained a high standing in his

studies and also had time left for a prominent place in athletics. He passed in every exam. he wrote and left the school with fifteen first-class honour certificates to his credit. Some record!

According to the teachers, if everyone were like Paddy, teaching would really be a pleasant task, because he had such a splendid spirit of co-operation in class and all school activities. Well, I am afraid teachers will not be enjoying themselves for a long time yet, because there are very few "Paddys" to lighten their burden.

In athletics, partly because of his determined nature, he was a leader among his fellows. Although he took part in other games, his main interest was in rugby. He was a member of the Bantam and Senior teams and captain of the Junior team. Due to his brilliant playing and ready alertness in his games, he was a regular rugby-fan idol.

Last year, when Prefects were introduced to the school, Paddy was chosen as leader of the corps.

There have been Kerr Cup winners before and will be again, but Paddy, perhaps more than any other, possesses the necessary qualifications. He was well known and well liked by more students than anyone else, and justly deserves the honour bestowed on the Kerr Cup winner.

He is in Commerce and Finance at Varsity this year (playing more rugby), and we just want to take this chance to let him know that North Toronto is pulling for him and hopes that he keeps up the good work.

★ — ★

ORATORICAL CONTESTS AND DEBATES

Owing to the fact that the *Howler* staff have decided to publish the magazine earlier than usual, we are not able to announce the results of the debates.

So far, however, the exponents of the art of Demosthenes have been delving into many deep subjects. Political, economic and social problems have been argued with equal skill and vigour. The third forms are now on their

third round, while the fourth form championship remains to be settled between Vera Turnbull and Ronald Jolly of 4D and Nellie Coe and Tom Rowe of 4F. 5E and 5G are likewise to battle it for the fifth form championship, at a date not yet decided upon.

At the time of going to press, the Oratory Contests had not been held, but the results will be published in next year's *Howler*.

★ THE REED SCHOLARSHIP ★

AS you probably know, this scholarship is awarded each year to the one who amasses the most first-class honours in Junior Matriculation. Last year it was won by Bev. Gaynor, and Marion Best is still wondering how he beat her. He got 14 firsts! Does that clear things up?

He's quiet, and unlike most of his contemporary students, he really has brains. His real name is Beverley, but don't let it throw you—and don't call him by it either.

He was born eighteen years ago in Toronto. That probably explains his brains. Bev. is just another example of the saying, "Good gear comes in small bulk." He went to Bedford Park public school, and even at that tender age he astonished his parents by his high marks. He went, and still goes occasionally, to the Anglican Church, but the church really isn't responsible for his later development. He was a Boy Scout and is now a Rover Scout, but don't hold it against him, because in that capacity he spends many weeks before Christmas making toys for children and many weeks after Christmas playing with them.

Bev. thinks French and Latin are useless subjects. He's right again. He has a habit of being right. He's a bad one to be sitting near when the inspectors are here. He's so darned clever, the teachers fire all the questions at him. It's most unpleasant to have it come so close to home.

He's one of the most skilful fiddlers in the school orchestra. For confirmation of this you may ask either his mother or his dad. Much of his spare time is spent in the Camera Club dark room and some of his efforts have startled even Mr. Farmer. This probably ex-



Beverley Gaynor—Winner 1933

plains why his percentage has dropped to the eighties; but it does not explain his never-ending disgust at this state of affairs.

Bev. is one of the few who can come home with a blonde hair on his coat and get away with it.

He was probably more pleased over the cash reward of the scholarship than the reputation he gained, which takes a lot of living up to.

Despite all the nasty things and the implied insults that you've just read, Bev.'s a swell kid and you'll like him.

ELMER A. DOAN.

★ ★ FIRST AID ★ ★

During the 1933 season, twenty-three boys received the Senior Certificate and members who attained the Voucher Certificate were: H. Love, E. Cockell, O. Carmichael, D. Withrow, G. Craig, M. Forster, and H. Brett. The

medallion award went to P. Abbott, D. Anderson, P. Sellers and R. Wiancko, while F. Laughlin was the only one to receive the label. Since the beginning of the club, over one hundred boys have been awarded the Senior Certificate or higher.

» » COMMENCEMENT « «

Our Alma Mater celebrated its twenty-first birthday at the Annual Commencement Exercises held on December 6th. The school was founded in 1912 when North Toronto was yet a town. Mr. A. Brown, who was mayor at that time, was present to extend his congratulations to the staff and students.

The N.T.C.I. orchestra was out in full force. It assisted greatly in the proceedings by well-rendered selections at various intervals between the presentations of the numerous prizes.

School presentations took place as follows:

Girls' Athletic Prizes... Trustee Mrs. Ross.

Boys' Athletic Colours

Field Day Awards... Trustee Dr. Spaulding.

It was singularly appropriate that the souvenirs awarded to our Champion Rugby Team were presented by Hal Richardson, a former pupil of North Toronto, who is now a member of the Varsity Champion Team. Commodore H. Gooderham received a hearty ovation when he presented the team with the fine trophy emblematic of their rugby skill.

The senior pupils of the school will remember the kindly understanding given them by the late Miss Lewis, M.A. During the school year, money was collected from all who cared to contribute, which made possible the Lewis Scholarship to perpetuate her memory. Shireen Huddleston was the winner of the prize for this year. A portrait of Miss Lewis was presented by the artist, Miss M. Benton—a former pupil.

James A'Court was the Valedictorian, and in presenting the popular Jimmie with the James Carter Scholarship, Dr. G. F. Rogers, Ontario Director of Education, admitted that the school was justified in the pride of its scholastic record, but mentioned that the average student was likewise a credit.

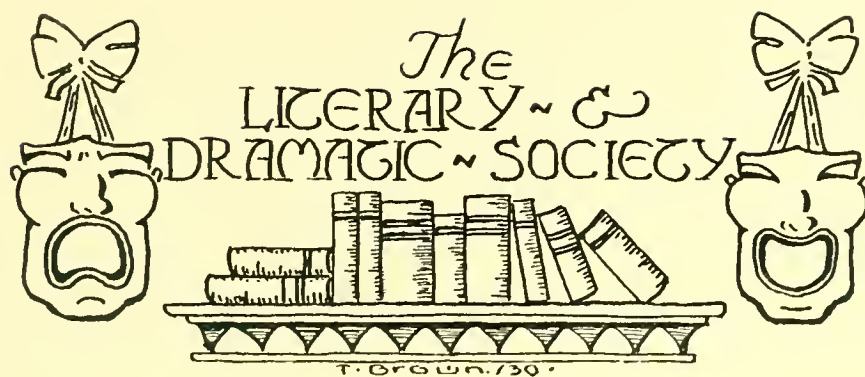
Unfortunately, Mayor Stewart, who was to have been present, was unable to attend owing to the press of civic duties. Alderman W. G. Ellis substituted for the Mayor and in a memorable speech recalled the events leading up to the organization of the school.

"God Save the King" ended the programme



TEACHING STAFF

Back Row—Mr. Farmer, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Teeter, Mr. McTaggart.
 Third Row—Mr. Houston, Mr. Baker, Mr. Kelly, Mr. Gerrow, Mr. Harris, Mr. Tolmie, Mr. Klinck, Mr. Baker, Mr. Page, Mr. Forsythe, Mr. Brennand.
 Second Row—Miss Tiltton, Miss Wilson, Miss Mahoney, Miss Keagey, Miss Strangways, Miss Irwin, Miss Allen, Miss Menzies, Miss Standing, Miss Fenwick, Miss Phillips, Miss Laughlin.
 Front Row—Mr. S. Reynolds, Mr. Bale, Mr. Medcof, Mr. Ayres, Lt.-Col. Wood, Mr. Shaw, Dr. Jamieson, Mr. Clark, Mr. Bryce.
 Absent—Miss Hampson, Mr. Keeling, Mr. Murdoch, Miss Hülker, Mr. Reynolds, Miss Scanlon.



THE Literary and Dramatic Society exists to encourage and foster Literary and Dramatic work in the school.

The elections for officers of the Society took place during the last week in November and the following executive was elected:

Honorary President:
Lt.-Col. F. H. Wood,
B.A.

President:
Ed. Golightly.

1st Vice-President:
Anna Higginson.

2nd Vice-President:
Ralph Hunter.

Secretary:
Jack Kerwin.

Critic: Marion Mac-
Naughton.

Committee man.:
Hugh Kantell.

Advisory Committee:
Mr. Medcof
Mr. Houston.



MR. MEDCOF, MARION McNAUGHTON, JACK KERWIN,
MR. HOUSTON, ANNA HIGGINSON, ED. GOLIGHTLY,
RALPH HUNTER

The Society this year is fortunate in having Ed. Golightly for President. He organized committees to aid in forming programmes. Those formed were the Literary, Gymnastic, Programme, Musical and Dramatic committees. Members of these are from all forms in the school who keep the Society in touch with the entire student body.

On Wednesday, 24th January, 1934, the first general meeting was held in the school auditorium. The musical committee under

Jack Hodgins put on a "Radio Broadcast" which was a novelty and proved to be a huge success. On the programme, also, was a one-act play presented by members of 4G, under the direction of Mr. Kelley. Due to the delay

of elections only one general meeting has been held, but the Society has ambitious plans for the future.

The Literary and Dramatic Society presented the School Library with magazines and a set of books of plays. These were purchased with proceeds of former theatre nights.

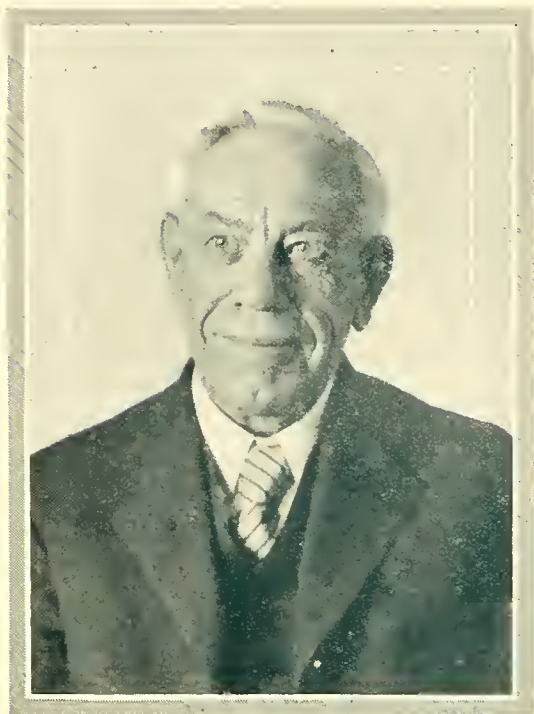
The Society this year is pioneering in a new field. Inter-school debates have been started. Two debates have already

taken place, teams going to Riverdale and Oakwood Collegiates. North Toronto won the former, but was defeated at Oakwood. Thus the Society is forming friendly rivalry in the literary field corresponding with that established by the rugby and hockey teams in sport.

The interform debates are progressing splendidly and are now in the third round. The winners will be presented with medals by the Literary and Dramatic Society.

AN APPRECIATION

Two of our staff who are no longer with the N. T. C. I.



MR. KEILLOR
—Photo by Dick Plewman, Camera Club

"An Honest Man is the Noblest Work of God"

Mr. Keillor, born and brought up in Bruce County, began his education at the "little red school-house" of the section. His studies at the Model School in Kincardine preceded his attendance at Port Elgin High School, and continued effort at the School of Pedagogy in Toronto brought him his High School Teacher's Certificate. Studying extra-murally at Queens, he obtained his degree in English and History, and accepted a position in Jarvis Collegiate. In 1915, he was appointed head of the English and History Department at North Toronto, where he taught until his retirement in 1933.

Mr. Keillor, while head of the English and History Department in N.T.C.I., was also the school's librarian. His work was always highly commended by the High School Inspectors, and his knowledge of books and their authors was of incalculable value to pupils and teachers alike. His kindly sympathy and helpful suggestions paved the way for orderly and

appreciative enjoyment of the best works of classical and modern writers. He pursued his activities with a maximum of enthusiasm, and his conscientious direction of the activities of his department was productive of the utmost proficiency in both pupil and teacher. The best thing that could be said of any man is that he is a great man.

* * * *

MR. H. N. SHEPPARD

Mr. Sheppard came to North Toronto Collegiate from Morse Street Public School in 1922. He was a popular and successful member of the English and History Department for eleven years. In 1933, he was appointed to the headship of the History Department at Jarvis Collegiate.

The *Howler* is particularly anxious to wish Mr. Sheppard every success in his future work. During his years at North Toronto, he was the main-stay and support of the magazine as its Chief Staff Adviser. To his enthusiastic guidance and unceasing efforts is due much of the *Howler's* development from a simple paper-covered pamphlet into one of the outstanding school magazines in the province.

Good luck, Mr. Sheppard!

* * * *

REAL MEN

The true gentleman is the man whose conduct proceeds from good will and an acute sense of propriety, and whose self-control is equal to all emergencies; who does not make the poor man conscious of his poverty, the obscure man of his obscurity, or any man of his inferiority or deformity; who is himself humbled if necessity compels him to humble another; who does not flatter wealth, cringe before power, or boast of his own possessions or achievements; who speaks with frankness, but always with sincerity and sympathy, and whose deed follows his word; who thinks of the rights and feelings of others rather than of his own; who appears well in any company, and who is at home when he seems to be abroad—a man with whom honor is sacred.—Forbes Magazine.

PARENTS' NIGHT

One night in 1934 when we played host to our parents.

Bong! It is exactly eight p.m., January 11th, 1934. Through the courtesy of the *Howler*, station N.T.C.I. is about to present, for your approval, the annual event, Parent's Night at North Toronto Collegiate, over the nationwide N.T.C. network. It is a glorious night, folks, and, as we stand in the spacious hall of the Collegiate, we are going to try to bring to you a vivid picture of all that is going on here to-night.

The crowds are pouring in the large Gothic doors of the School, a merry throng, for they are here to view and express their approval, or criticism, of the talents and accomplishments of the younger generation. There is an atmosphere of congeniality everywhere, as parents and children course through the halls. We regret we cannot have Colonel Wood, the venerable principal, say a word to you, for he is fully occupied welcoming the visitors. There he stands, with his face beaming, and well he may, for it is largely through his efforts, and the splendid co-operation he is able to obtain, that this night is crowned with success. Draw closer to your radios everybody, because we are going to take you on a tour around the school.

As we mount the stairs, we enter the Physics Laboratory, where we delve into the science of sound, heat, light, and electricity. The room is full of weird apparatus, as is the Chemistry Room into which we pass next. Enduring strange odours, we witness future scientists delving into the intricacies of solutions and compounds. Perhaps some of us get an inkling of the life to come, as we view the inner workings of the miniature volcanoes and geysers seething in the domain of Geology. As we drift through the rooms, one by one, we witness the results of painstaking toil, in the delicately-coloured history maps, and beautifully-written essays. Would that Pythagoras could view the advanced problems and solutions set forth by the Mathematics Department. A glance into the Camera Club dark room, where we view the technique of this well-developed group. We now transfer you to the boys' gymnasium, where young Adonises

display feats of strength, agility, and dexterity on the bars and mats. The girls take their share of the applause, with a brilliant display of essentials in the development of womanly poise and grace. We enter the Biology Laboratory with a feeling of reverence for the children of the waves, earth and sky who gave their lives to the cause of science. Here we see these helpless creatures, snatched from blissful lives only to be stuffed, pinned on a card, or pickled in a glass jar for the enlightenment and advancement of posterity.

But our time is passing quickly, ladies and gentlemen. There is a great array of musicians, singers, and speakers, awaiting you in the large amphitheatrical hall of this marvelous organization, and far be it from us to detain you.

And so we transfer you. This is station N.T.C.I. signing off. We bid you a fond "good evening", and until another year, "bonsoir."

* * * *



★ ★ N.T.C.I. COMES OF AGE ★ ★

Being a brief history of N.T.C.I. for the past twenty-one years, as compiled by Miss Scanlon, of the teaching staff since its inception.

CELEBRATIONS—here—there—everywhere! 1934 has plunged Toronto into Centennial activities. One hundred years a city, and every year has marked a step forward.

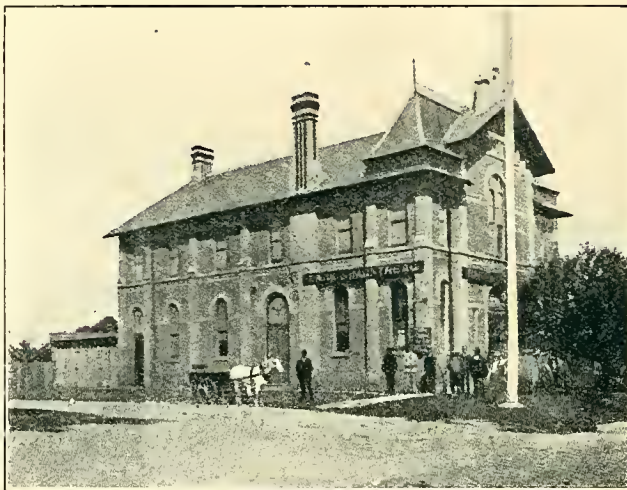
It was 300 years ago this year that Jacques Cartier made history. One hundred and fifty years ago the United Empire Loyalists landed in Canada.

1934!—a year of events, and what do you think? North Toronto is not behind the times. It has a celebration all its own. This year it

comes of age and Miss Scanlon is going to tell you all about the school in its early beginnings in the old "Town Hall."

The bell! True, it is only the old-fashioned handbell, but it means "recess." Just now, there is only one place to go at recess. No, not to the cafeteria, but down the old rickety stairs, out doors, across the street and to the apple orchard. Here we stand and stare at stones, mortar, bricks and confusion in general.

Before long, out of this mass, the



TOWN HALL AT MONTGOMERY AVE. and YONGE ST.
Where N.T.C.I. Classes were first held.

LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF NORTH TORONTO COLLEGIATE



Left to Right, Front Row—Mr. J. W. Brownlow, Mr. Arnold, Mr. Chalkey, Mr. T. W. Banton, Mr. Keith, Mr. Ferguson, Mr. Forsey Page (Architect of the Building), and Mr. Palmer (Contractor), at extreme Right.

LAST NORTH TORONTO SCHOOL BOARD



LAST COUNCIL BOARD OF THE TOWN OF NORTH TORONTO

Left to Right—Mr. Brown (Mayor), Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Reid, Mr. Becker, (M.P.), Mr. H. H. Ball, Mr. Home, Mr. Maston.

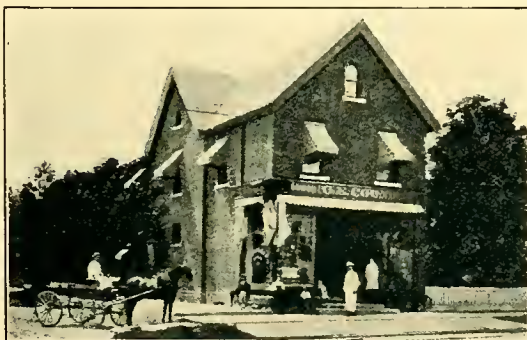
outlines of a school take form, and are we proud? A real school, at last. The late Mr. G. H. Reed had started the school with four pupils. Inside of a year, the late Mr. Nelson was engaged and by the beginning of the next year the third teacher was added to the staff.

By this time there were three regular forms and complete High School work, including Senior Matriculation work, was taught. It was a time of trial, hardship and struggle in many ways, but there were many compensations. Pupils who obtained their Senior Matriculation under these conditions were certainly "teacher's pets." It was confusing, annoying, but sometimes amusing to be compelled to stop while the teacher on the other side of the low partition declared " $(a+b)^2=$ " after your "Je ne sais pas." Many were the tangles straightened out by the pat on the back and the words of encouragement of Mr.

Reed. Chiefly due to him we have our present school motto, "Labor Omnia Vincit." He talked it, he preached it, he lived it.

When the school had become well established in the section, which is the front only, of our present school, the war gave us another chance to show that we had become a real school. There is no need to mention the boys whose names are written on our tablet. The girls then, as they have ever since in other spheres, also took up their duties in war work. So time has moved along quickly and to-day we have many men and women holding responsible positions in our city and country who attended the "school in the old Town Hall."

"Labor Omnia Vincit." It still stands. "Be ours to hold it high." We seem to be saying or acting, "We can." 1933 was a "banner year" for N. T. C. I. and can it be otherwise?



GROCERY STORE
Eglinton and Yonge St.



LIVERY STABLE
Corner of Albertus Ave. and Yonge St.

THE CAMERA CLUB

Honorary President—COL. F. H. WOOD

President—DICK PLEWMAN

First Vice-President—HELEN CURTIS

Second Vice-President—BEVERLEY GAYNOR

Secretary—EDITH FIELD

Staff Adviser—MR. C. S. FARMER

Librarian—MARGUERITE SPEERS

Production—DON LOWRY

The Camera Club is now in its seventh year of existence. Since its organization it has steadily grown and now takes its place as one of the major organizations of the school. Our up-to-date equipment and splendid facilities for photographic work offer a splendid hobby and recreation for its members. With the opening of a studio, a new branch of photography is open to those interested in portrait studies. Through the untiring efforts of Mr. Farmer, the club has successfully grown, and with his help our members have learned to produce work of the highest quality.

—Our Activities—

A club meeting is held every second week. At some of these meetings, demonstration classes in developing, printing and enlarging were conducted by Lee Foster. We have been fortunate in obtaining some noteworthy speakers for several of our meetings.

These were:

Mr. Stephen Jones, on "General Photography."

Mr. Orval Allan, on "Cameras and Their Uses."

Professor A. F. Coventry, on "Winter Pictures."

Mr. Thornton Johnston, on "Recent Advances in Photography."

Mr. C. W. Classey, on "Portraiture."

Mr. Allan Sangster, on "Making Genre Pictures."

Professor K. B. Jackson, on "Preparing Pictures for Competition."

On the afternoon of November 11th, the Camera Club held a tea-dance in the school auditorium. Good music and a boys' quartette were successful in providing a program that was enjoyed by the large crowd that turned out.

On December 16th the club presented a small movie show, featuring the "Lost World." A Mickey Mouse comedy, a Travel film from the Dominion Government library, and the school films were the other attractions.

Our Annual Movie Show was held in February with "Ben Hur" as the feature. The

school films and a comedy provided the rest of the program. Northern Vocational was kind enough to allow us to use its auditorium on that occasion.

In the Interschool Photographic Competition, held last Spring, North Toronto made an excellent showing, taking second place in the total points scored.

Prizes taken by North Toronto students were:

2nd Grand Prize and 1st Prize, Class 2—Lennox Fraser.

2nd Prize, Class 3—Edith Field.

2nd Prize, Class 4—Lee Foster.

3rd Prize, Class 4—Lee Foster.

2nd Prize, Class 6—Lee Foster.

2nd Prize, Class 7—Ella Henry.



CAMERA CLUB EXECUTIVE

Don. Lowry, Edith Field, Lee Foster, Marg Speers, Mr. Farmer
Bev. Gaynor, Dick Plewman, Helen Curtis

THE HISTORY CLUB

President—BOB TROLLOPE

Treasurer—MARY MCCUTCHEON

Vice-President—HELEN CURTIS

Secretary—JIM CARSON

THE History Club was formed three years ago by Mr. Sheppard, a former history teacher who is now head of the History Department at Jarvis Collegiate. Joining Mr. Sheppard in the promotion of this club, were a number of students interested in the interchange of ideas on current events, world problems and other subjects not dealt with in the school curriculum. Mr. Kelley, who succeeded Mr. Sheppard as club adviser, has proved very successful, and the club has derived a great deal of benefit from his ability and untiring efforts.



HISTORY CLUB EXECUTIVE

James Carson, Mr. Kelly,
Mary McCutcheon, Bob Trollope, Helen Curtis.

Probably the outstanding event of the club's activity during 1933 was the visit to the History Club of Jarvis Collegiate, a feature of which was the open discussion by members of the two clubs. This was followed by refreshments and dancing.

Plans are now under way for a return entertainment by our club, and if we are successful we hope to have Colonel Drew with us.

Among the other gentlemen who have consented to speak to us before the year is over are Bishop Lucas and Mr. Escot Reid.



DICK PLEMAN
President of Camera Club



BOB TROLLOPE
President of History Club



LEE FOSTER
Of the Camera Club

H. Lee Foster

THE GERMAN CLUB

EXECUTIVE

Honorary Pres.—LT.-COL. F. H. WOOD, B.A.

President—WILLIAM KERR 5-E

Business Manager—CAMERON WARNE 4-A

Vice-President—MARGUERITE SPEERS 5-G

Secretary-Treas.—WORDEN EVANS 4-F

WIE befinden Sie sich Schüler? Here's the German Club well into its second year of existence with a membership of about one hundred and thirty-five.

The Club is certainly growing in popularity. Its activities for this year began in September when a big *Wienerbraten* (wiener roast, to you) was held at Armour Heights. About sixty signed for coming, but at least eighty arrived, and how they enjoyed themselves!

This year, a new section has been added to the Club, namely, the German Club Choir. With about thirty members it is proving quite a successful venture under the capable leadership of Jack Hodgins.

Now for a few words about the Club paper, *Die Nord Toronto Spricht*. (We just had to get this in.) This year the paper is

being printed by the Maclean Publishing Co., and is of the folder type. Five fine editions have already been printed. However, we would like a little more co-operation from the German students, as far as material for the paper is concerned. At the rear of Room 2, an excellent library is at the disposal of anyone who wishes to study German or work for the paper.

And so the Club progresses. Due to the untiring efforts of Mr. Klink, its founder, it has attained an important position in the school, and your support will keep it there. We feel sure that we can rely upon you to perpetuate it.

Our space is limited now, so, hoping for success in the future, we must say

Auf Wiedersehn,

C. WARNE.



GERMAN CLUB EXECUTIVE

Back Row—Jack Hodgins, Murray Stewart, Miss Standing, Cameron Warne, Thelma Ransom, Mr. Klink, Cambell Fox.
Front Row—Marg. Speers, Bill Kerr, Adele Rook.



GIRLS' CLUB EXECUTIVE

Back Row—Betty Fuller, B. Choate, Ena Erskine, Dorothy Shepherd, Barbara Stewart, B. Choate, Marg Kennedy.
 Front Row—Audrey Miller, Pamela McLaughlin, Jean Carr, Kay Coleman, Miss Wilson, Francis Cowie, Margaret Porter.



GIRLS' CLUB



President—KAY COLEMAN
 Vice-President—JEAN CARR

Secretary—FRANCIS COWIE
 Treasurer—PAMELA McLAUGHLIN

ONCE again an annual report is made up on the Club's activities for its fiscal year, although this does not end until the close of next term.

From the heading of this report it will be observed that two secretaryships, that of the senior beans and that of the junior beans, have been non-existent this year and I would suggest that every member of the Club give serious consideration to the subject of re-establishing these positions for the coming year. This is not a matter for only the cabinet to decide, but one in which every girl in the Club should have a voice. Remember, girls, each and every one of you, this is YOUR Club and we are looking to you for support to keep it one of the finest organizations in the school.

Our first meeting took the form of a Hike held in September up at Armour Heights. A crowd of N. T. C. girls, lots of appetizing food, and an interesting program made our hike the success that it was.

Our Masquerade was another success. The attractively decorated assembly hall was filled with happy girls arrayed in gay, indescribable costumes. Delicious refreshments were served and only too soon the strains of our favourite melodies died away and we realized that another Girls' Club Masquerade was one of the past.

As in previous years, our Christmas meeting was a social service appeal. A skit called "The Rehearsal," was presented quite effectively. As a result the school gave generous contributions which helped to bring joy into the homes of some of the less fortunate ones that were assigned to us by the Neighborhood Workers.

And now, in conclusion, I wish to congratulate our Advisory Officer, Miss Wilson, and our President, Kay Coleman, for the splendid and whole-hearted way in which they did much for the Club to make this year a successful one.

★ ★ THE ORCHESTRA ★ ★

The Orchestra, although unfortunate in losing several of last year's players, has had a very successful year. Under the able leadership of Mr. Keeling it has played at the morning assemblies throughout the year. It played at the opening meeting of the Home and School Club and presented delightful offerings at Commencement Exercises, Parents' Night, and a concert at St. James' Bond Church.

The Orchestra Concert was held this year on Tuesday, January 30th, and was productive

of excellent music. The school orchestra combined with members of the orchestras of Jarvis and Oakwood Collegiates to form the Collegiate Ensemble Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Wilkes of Jarvis. The guest artists, Miss Muriel Donnellan, Harpist, and Jackie Rae, Juvenile Entertainer, drew much applause from the enthusiastic audience. Everyone is looking forward to next year's concert and it will be well attended if it is as big a success as the last one.



Back Row—Beverley Gaynor, Herb Thomas, Harry Funston, John Laughlin, Howard Cober.
Middle Row—Marjory Rogers, Bob Hunter, Howard Smith, Wm. Cambell, B. Ellis, R. Whitelaw, Ena Erskine.
Front Row—Wm. Smith, Ken Crossley, Miss Laughlin, Ivor Baldwin, Mr. Keeling, Gwen. Davies, Dorothy John, Cameron Warne



BILL KERR
President of German Club



KAY COLEMAN
President of Girls' Club



ED. GOLIGHTLY
President of Literary and
Dramatic Society

THE HOME AND SCHOOL CLUB

PARENTS, teachers, students; these three—and the greatest of these—students.

The incalculable potentiality of this part of the triangle is the main interest in life of the other two, for from it must come the parents and teachers of the future, as well as the statesmen, professional men and citizens of every walk of life.

The teachers instruct and inculcate knowledge of books, but it remains for the parents to instil a knowledge and be an example of, proper living, without which no student, however brilliant, can be a successful or good citizen.

Hence, the Home and School Club. To quote from the Home and School Creed:—

"We believe: that a Home and School Club should be concerned with all problems that relate to the welfare of the student in home, school and community; that its great object should be to interest all people in all students and link in common purpose the home, the school and other educative forces in the life of the student, to work for his highest good; That it should not be a means of entertainment, or charity, or criticism of school authority, but a co-operative, non-political, non-sectarian, non-commercial effort to produce Canadian citizens who shall be capable of perpetuating the best which has been developed in our national life. We believe: That the principles which guide the Home and School Clubs are the embodiment of social service, civic virtue and patriotism."

Because we believe this, we have a Home and School Club in the N. T. C. I.

Last October, with the co-operation of the principal and staff we endeavored to let every parent connected with the school know about the Club, by asking the students to take home, (Did you get yours?) a printed program and an invitation to attend the reception arranged to give parents an opportunity to meet Colonel Wood and the staff. Approximately two hundred attended. The plan of study groups was outlined and several enrolled in the following groups: Music, Book Reviews, Home Education (Adolescence), Economics, and Handcrafts, the largest number being in the Music Group.



MRS. BRAWLEY

This plan is an experiment in Club work, which has created considerable interest locally, while other Collegiate Clubs have become interested. We feel assured the plan is a good one, the Music Group alone seems to justify the idea. Twenty-five Mothers, some of them Grandmothers—are meeting every week singing like—well it might be safer to just say, they are having a grand time practising for a Minstrel Show—"THE" musical treat of the season in North Toronto.

Our great good fortune in securing Mrs. Mae Skilling Mason as Music Convener is the secret of the success of this Group. We were also fortunate in our choice of other Group leaders: Mrs. J. W. Johnston, Home Education; Mrs. T. L. Crossley, Book Reviews; Mrs. N. M. McLeod, Handcrafts, and Mrs. V. H. Campbell, Economics, are each making a valuable contribution. The meetings are held in the various homes. We had hoped to have a Reading and Dramatic Group, but so few enrolled and the difficulty of securing a place to meet, made us abandon the idea for this season.

THE SCHOOL AT-HOME



DANCE COMMITTEE

Jeff Lydiat, Bob Morrow, Mr. Reynolds, Ernie Rollaston,
Betty Fuller, Violet Walker, Maxine Wilson

On Friday, March the second, North Toronto held its annual "At Home." Due to the success of last year's dance the committee decided to hold it again in the Eaton Auditorium. This decision proved more than satisfactory for it was unanimously agreed that it was the best dance of the season.

About five hundred couples gaily tripped the "light fantastic" to the rhythmic strains of Stanley St. John's orchestra. At intermission a varied and very interesting floor show was presented. The well-known organist, Miss Kathleen Stokes, gave several selections. Miss Jean Hemsworth and her partner, Mr. Gollop, entertained with some delightful dancing.

Mr. Reynolds and the committee are to be warmly congratulated on the success they made of this affair. By having a bigger and better dance than ever before, they accomplished what was thought impossible.

HOME AND SCHOOL CLUB (continued)

The November meeting was of particular interest. A representative from each of nine student organizations was asked to tell us about their particular activity and it was simply thrilling the way those young people told of what they were doing, outside of their regular school work—such interesting and worthwhile things. The orchestra contributed generously to the program.

The Music Group took care of the February meeting when "The Sooty Singers," presented the Minstrel Show.

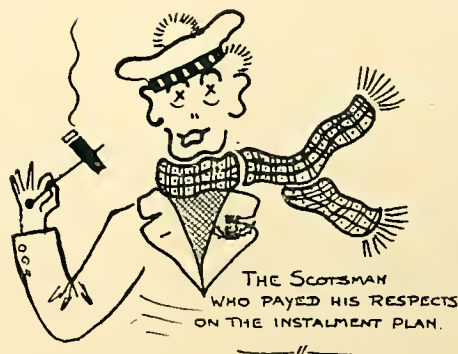
In March, the Groups will exhibit and demonstrate what they have been doing and in April the Annual Meeting and election of officers will be held.

We congratulate Beverley Gaynor, who won the George H. Reed Scholarship last June and wish him every success. We are taking the liberty of quoting from the letter which he sent the Club, acknowledging the gift: "Your Club has done much for the school in the foundation of this Scholarship, both in perpetuating the memory of the late Mr. Reed and in giving the student body a goal toward which to work. In the latter, you have gone

far toward raising the standard of the school to that state of perfection which we all hope it will some day attain."

May we take this opportunity to thank Colonel Wood, members of the staff, the students, and all others who have given of their time and talents to promote interest in the Club.

Do you think the Club is worthwhile? If you do, "Come up and see us sometime," and share what it has to offer. It exists to be of service to the school, to you and to the community.



SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS

OUR "Scholarship Team" headed by James A'Court, Margaret Bealey, Marion Patton, John Hazelton and Kenneth Carr, this year captured eight valuable scholarships in the Honor Matriculation Exams last June. These scholarships are scattered among the various colleges. They are: The First Edward Blake Scholarship in French and German won by James A'Court and the Edward Blake Scholarship in any two Modern Languages, for which James A'Court ranked first. Both these scholarships belong to all colleges. The Moses Henry Aiken Scholarship in English and History at Victoria was won by Margaret Bealey. The Dickson Scholarship in Modern Languages, at Trinity, was won by James A'Court. The Brennan Memorial Scholarship in Physics and Chemistry at St. Michael's College was won by John Hazelton. The Williamson No. 1 in English and History was won by Marion Patton. The Leitch Memorial No. 1 in any three subjects was awarded to G. Kenneth Carr. Both of these scholarships are for Queen's University.

In the provincial scholarships the First Carter Scholarship was won by James A'Court.

The Howler welcomes this opportunity of congratulating these students on their brilliant achievements.

Three valued awards were presented this year in the school. The Hugh L. Kerr Trophy to Moore Tafts, the George H. Reed Scholarship to Beverley Gaynor and the Gladys Lewis Memorial Scholarship to Shireen Huddleston.

We congratulate them also for their outstanding work.

The following were awarded gold medals by the school for standing highest in their respective forms at the promotion exams in June: James A'Court 5A, Beverley Gaynor 4A, William Rapsey 3H, Zelda Hierwitz 2F.

The silver medals given to the students ranking first in their individual form were presented to: M. Bealey 5C, Shireen Huddleston 5D, J. Hazelton 5E, A. Peacey 5F, M. Best 4B, G. Anderson 4C, E. Quail 4F, D. Collins 3A, B. Sandover-Sly 3B, Vera Turnbull 3C, G. Day 3D, H. Brett 3E, R. Hunter 3F, G. Simpson 3G, W. Saunders 3K, H. Smith 3L, F. M. Hill 2A, N. Ferguson 2B, E. Clifford 2C, D. Hill 2D, K. Wheeler 2E, R. Faed 2G, E. Duncan 2H, D. Everett 2K, D. Robertson 2L, G. Sheridan 2M.

The following is the Honor Roll of those who secured a standing of 80 per cent. or over on the work of last year. These names are in order of merit. Second Forms:—Zelda Hurwitz, Isabel Sutherland, Reina Faed, Dorothy Robertson, Isabel Cork, Marguerite Hill, Catherine Scott, Susan Irving, Barbara Choate, Elizabeth Dunne, Alex. Goodall, Gertrude Stubbery, Stanley Meschino, Burwell Taylor, Nora Ferguson, John Kerwin, Richard McGivern, Doris Everitt, Margaret McClelland, Nancy Milnes, John Simpson, William Scott, Elizabeth Choate, Ken. Wheeler, William Rolph, Glen Sheridan, William Heuper.

We expect some of them to bring new scholarships to North Toronto in their matriculation exams.



JEAN FRANCIS
Head Prefect (girls)



PADDY TAFTS and MR. KERR



ERNIE ROLLASTON
Head Prefect (boys)

Francis

OUR FAMILY



MISS HILLIKER

on the keys of their treasure chests last year.

Reading from top to bottom and from West to East (or something), we present Miss Hilliker reciting "veni, vidi, vici" (mostly "vidi") to the daisies in the field.

Then follows Mr. Harris teaching his little brother that 2 and 2 make 4. No kidding! That Little Lord Fauntleroy

OUR first edition of this feature met with such success, that we have gone even deeper into the store of the past and torn pages from family albums belonging to certain members of the staff who sat

suit was only worn on Sundays.

The young lad grasping the top rungs of the chair is Mr. Bryce, showing early signs of growing up into a trapeze artist or a physical-training instructor.

The cute little girl in the fluffy skirts is Miss Irwin. "Parlez-vous Français, baby?"

The attractive young miss in the corner is Miss Allen as she appeared in the days when the only mallet she knew was on the croquet lawn.



MR. HARRIS and BROTHER



MR. BRYCE



MISS IRWIN



MISS ALLEN

ALBUM ★ ★ ★

SECOND EDITION

The top picture on the right shows what the well-dressed soldier wore in more leisure moments at Pettawawa in 1918. Now we know where Mr. Tolmie gets that uncompromising glint in his eye!

Miss Wilson is with her little sister. Such devotion to small children ultimately produced the staff adviser of the Girls' Club.

And look at Miss Fenwick before the days of short hair and gym tunics.



MR. TOLMIE



MISS WILSON and SISTER

Miss Tilston is with her brother. Believe it or not!

Miss Keagey was all dressed up the day her picture was taken. She's hopefully waiting for the photographer to ask her the time. See the new gold watch!



MISS FENWICK



MISS TILSTON and BROTHER



MISS KEAGEY



WHAT! I have to have the Alumni write-up finished by Monday? The write-up was far from done and now after spending all afternoon and evening striving to locate our far-flung alumni (the last is not to be taken literally) I am nodding in front of a blank page seeking for inspiration. Ho-Hum!—

Pop! Pop! At the imperative rapping I jerked myself upright, then blinked in amazement. The room had completely changed. I was no longer sitting at a desk in a small room, but upon a bench at the back of a long high-ceilinged hall, a courtroom.

At the far end of the room a bewigged and gowned figure which looked familiar. At one side was the jury box and in the box, why, it looked like the staff-picture! It was! At the table below the bench sat Mr. Murdock and Mr. Shaw, while opposite them across the table were Mr. Ayers and Mr. Clark. Before Mr. Ayers was the inevitable black record book. I glanced at the judge. Undoubtedly the face beneath the curly wig was that of the Colonel. Even as I looked he spoke.

"The Court is now open."

From the table arose Mr. Clark with a roll of manuscript in his hand.

"Order in the court. Bring in the prisoners."

A door at the side was flung open and Mr. Bale, dressed as a French Gendarme, led in a long line of prisoners.

Mr. Clark's voice was again heard: "Ladies and Gentlemen of the jury you see before you the accused, namely: Doris Redfern, Vernon Bricker, Gordon Pace, Archie Fry, Roland

Higgins, Muriel Farley, Phyllis Darbin, Barbara Brisley, Stewart Davis, Lennox Fraser, Lawrence Regan, Victor Noad, Frances Edds, Lorna Pugsley, Grace Allen, Frank James, William Sanagan and Howard Hilliker, who stand," (chorus from the prisoners, "Yes we do; why can't we sit down?")

Mr. Clark, with a stern expression, "Stand accused,—of what do they stand accused?" Turning to Mr. Ayers, "Mr. Prosecuting attorney, of what are they accused?"

Mr. Ayers, peering benignly at the prisoners over the top of his spectacles,

"Why, of desertion, of course; they are all attending Northern Vocational, also James Bedlington, Florence Paterson, William Myhill and Herb Wood are learning art at the same place."

The judge rose. "Guilty, or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, your honour," said the jury as one person."

Again the door opens and more prisoners enter. Wesley Baxter, Margaret Coumans, Herbert Scott, Terry Quilter, Whittier Morris, Bonsil Anderson, Ella Henry, Elizabeth McDougal, Adele Dougherty, and Helen Stanbury," reads Mr. Clark, "you are accused of being normal."

Judge: "Don't you mean going to Normal?"

Mr. Clark: "No, your honour, how can they go to Normal when they are normal? At least they were when I taught them."

Judge: "What! they were? Case dismissed. Next please."

The next line-up was longer and Mr. Clark consulted his lists in vain. The judge began

to grow impatient and finally he spoke.

"I'll question the prisoners myself. Now tell me your names."

"James McCabe, Gordon Miller, David Allen, Gilbert Walker, George Plaxton, Wilkie Jordon, Frances Page, Betty Brimson, Marion Bowen, Betty Lawson, Margaret Saunders, Hap. Rice, Benjamin Field, Mabel Steele, Helen Mack."

Mr. Ayers: "You're charged with ambition."

Judge, to the jury, "Guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty!"

"The sentence is many years of success. Next case."

"Your honour, the following people are charged with being original, each has chosen a different line of study," said Mr. Clark: Helen Smith, dental nursing; Betty Hird, the librarian's course at O.C.E.; John Hazelton at St. Michael's in Science; John Dowling, attending High School in St. Catharines; Pat Henry at U.C.C.; Gertrude Berkley at the Ontario College of Art; Betsy Cockin at Central Tech; Dorothy Jackson at Branksome Hall; Kenneth Carr at Queens, and Alberta Jordan at McGill."

"They have sentenced themselves to a term of hard labour. Case dismissed. Next."

At these words all the doors were flung open and student after student crowded into the hall; joining hands they danced around the room, encircling judge and jury and giving vent to lusty Varsity cheers. The judge hammered for silence.

"We make no charge against you, but we wish to know what you are doing. Will you carry on, Mr. Clark?" and from his lists came these facts:

In S.P.S. are Norman Spall, Arthur Breakey, Beverley Lewis, Albert Hopkins (Al Hop to most of us); Eliot Jacobs, Fred Brunke, Donald Willmot, Robert Stroud, Frank P. Mundy, Clifton Lumbers, Cyril Pidduck and Ross Rogers.

In C. & F. are John Grant, Paddy Tafts, Robert Sleeth, Elgin Armstrong. Three out of the four girls in first year C. & F. are from North Toronto, they are: Eurith Campbell, Marjory McIntosh and Constance Brace. In Pass Arts are Mildred Gissing, Sandy MacPherson, Louise Beckley, Hazel Rollaston,

Yvonne Ford and Lois Massey.

Others at Varsity are: Margaret Bealey, Shireen Huddleston, Edna May Quentin, and Jean Morrison in English and History; Ruth Perry in Sociology at U.C.; Norma Summerville, Sylvia Melson, Wildred Frances and Dorothy Henderson in Household Economics; Keith Duckworth in Architecture, Merle McBride in P.T. Training at V.C., Lena Tod in Moderns at V.C.; Evelyn McAndrews taking French and English, Marion Patton and Arthur Peacy in Political Science. Alex. McNaughton, Cameron McLean, Jean McCabe, James A'Court and June Wolfenden are also to be seen on the campus.

Of the following no trace has been found: Edna Brown, Max Campbell, Insurance Broker, Edith Carter, Ruth Channell, George Fox, Jeanne Hartfield, Harold Houser, Jean Maybee, John Adams, Robert Burk, Zelda Dunkelmann, Le Roy Glucksberg, Laird Hemphill, Mirabell Capes, John Douse, William Johnson, Aileen McClelland, George Plummer, unemployed; Gertrude Rea, Mary Skill, Jack Watt, Marjory Nicholson, Henry Singleton, Evelyn Smallwood, Douglas Waddell, Varsity; Douglas Butler, Mary Campbell, Douglas Crow, Robert Dyer, Ruth Evans, Elizabeth Fletcher, John Arnold, law office; Wray Bartram, Norman Kirk, Bateson Blare, Grace Breuls, Tom Callahan, Gladys Cockborn, George Dewart, George F. Mewbery, Margaret Pratt, Ronald Gibbard, working; Jeanne Hull, Marjory Laidlaw, Dorothy Otter, Normal; Patrick Abbot, Charles Sweet, Doris Zeigler, Harold Bell, Daniel Fletcher, Arthur Hurlburt, Joe King, John King, prospector; Laya Rotenberg, Stella Steel and Richard Allen.

The seats around me had filled up and I was no longer alone. Phyllis Morgan was there, and Alfred Henderson and Courtenay Bensen, and they were frowning even as I was.

"And you four" thundered the prosecuting attorney, like Danton denouncing his enemies, "what about you?"

"We are all studying law—and we don't think much of the way this court is run!"

Pop! Pop! Pop! I awoke with a start to find the editor at the door demanding this write-up.

THEM WAS THE DAYS

THE following was garnered from a treatise on Etiquette printed over fifty years ago. It answers that ever-prominent question—"Is our code of ethics changing?" Due apology is forwarded to the well-meaning Emily Post of yesteryear, for our many omissions and insertions. As an aid in distinction, the insertions will be in parenthesis.



(1) *Dress Etiquette:*

The dress should always be adapted to the occasion. For a morning dress, a loosely made one, high in the neck, with sleeves fastened at the wrist with a band, and a belt. For a walking dress the skirt should be allowed only to touch the ground.

Jewels are an ornament to women, but a blemish to men. They usually bespeak either effeminacy or love of display, although a little concession in this respect may be made. The man of good taste will wear a handsome signet-ring, a scarf-pin, which is neither large nor showy, and a light rather thin watch-guard. (The well-dressed man will not have any gold teeth this year, unless he is willing to be known as "a flash in the pan".)



(2) *Etiquette on Calls:*

A lady, when calling, keeps her parasol in her hand.

If you find yourself intruding upon lunch or early dinner-hour, do not prolong your call. (However, if they are having roast turkey, our table etiquette may come in handy.)

Persons who do not keep a carriage should not make visits of ceremony in wet weather. It is ill-bred to enter a drawing-room, with a handsome carpet on it, with muddy boots, and spattered garments, and stand a dripping umbrella beside you.

It is a breach of etiquette to take a dog with you when making a call. (However, it is permissible for a wife to take friend hubby with her in the evening.)

It is a breach of etiquette to resume your seat after having once left it to say adieu. (Avoid this breach by saying "cheerio".)

(3) *Table Etiquette:*

Never smack your lips when eating.

Never pick your teeth at the table. (However false teeth may be removed from your mouth, after first raising your napkin, to shield this action. They then may accidentally slip into the soup, or be cleansed with the table cloth. The reverse action will once more find the teeth in your mouth.)

Never put your fingers in your mouth.

Never put your knife in your mouth. (It is dangerous.)

Never speak when you have food in your mouth. (See etiquette on conversation.)

Never be guilty of scraping your plate or tilting it to get the last drop of anything it may contain, or wiping it out with a piece of bread.

Never use the tablecloth to wipe your mouth or fingers.

Never play with your knife and fork, salt seller, or balance a spoon on your glass.

Never dip a piece of bread into the preserves, or gravy, and then bite it.

Never pour tea or coffee into the saucer to cool, nor drink from the saucer. (A hat may be used to fan the contents.)

(4) *Street Etiquette:*

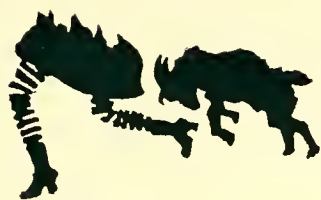
Avoid swinging the arms, it is an awkward and ill-bred habit.

A lady should avoid walking very rapidly. It is very ungraceful and unbecoming. (Is my face red?)

General salutations of a mixed company are not in vogue in the best society.

Never will a gentleman so far imitate a vulgar clown, as to slap a friend on the back, poke him in the ribs, or by clapping his hand upon his shoulder. It is equally rude to use a familiar shout or "Hello, old boy," or any other "hail fellow well met" phrase of salutation. (When you meet a person never say "I'm pleased to meet you," or upon leaving, even 'though you might be a barrister—"I'll be suing you.")

A gentleman will not smoke when walking with a lady. He should even decline to do so, though he may be asked to continue. (Etiquette does not say what a gentleman does



when a lady asks *him* for a cigarette.)

Never offer to shake hands with a lady in the street if you have on dark

gloves, as you may spoil her light ones.

A gentleman may bow to a lady seated at a window, if he is passing on the street, but he must not bow from a window to a lady on the street.

A lady arriving at home should always dismiss her escort with thanks. A gentleman should not enter the house, although invited to do so, unless for some special reason. (Such as to phone his wife, and tell her not to wait up for him, that he is at the club.



If this excuse is time-worn, one might use that instituted recently by a gentleman in May West's home town, that he is

in conference with the board of directors.)

(5) *Riding and Driving Etiquette:*

On horseback a lady salutes by bowing slightly. A gentleman, grasping reins and whip in his left hand, raises his hat slightly with his right, at the same time inclining the body forward. (Be careful! Don't fall.)

In driving, when the carriage is driven by a coachman, the seat facing the horses is the seat of honor, and must always be left for the ladies; no gentleman should take the seat beside the lady; but the opposite seat, unless he is her husband.

If the lady be timid, a gentleman must respect her feelings and accommodate his pace to her wishes.

No gentleman, when driving with a lady, will put his arm across the back of the seat. Such a piece of impertinence a lady should resent. (Please, Mr. Zilch.)

(6) *Etiquette of the Ball:*

The floor, after the removal of the carpet, must be well waxed, polished, and perfectly even. Where this is impossible, a crumb

cloth or a piece of linen thoroughly well stretched over the carpet is the next best thing.

Every ball opens with a march, then a quadrille, followed by a waltz.

The French custom of giving hot soup is becoming fashionable, and will be found very acceptable. (However, this might lead to party crashing by the bread line.)

In waltzing with a young lady, a gentleman must never encircle her waist until the dance commences, and drop his arm from around her as soon as the music ceases. (The perfect ultra gentleman will drop his arm, seven to ten bars from the end. For a small tip, the young blade may arrange a set of signals with the maestro in attendance.)

Lead the lady through the quadrille, don't drag her.

Never stand up to dance unless you are acquainted with the figures, and know some of the steps. Dance quietly. Do not kick and caper about, nor sway your body, but let your motion be from the hips downward. (Well, strike me sixth vertebra.)

(7) *Hotel Etiquette For Ladies:*

When you are compelled to travel without escort, you should provide yourself with a letter of introduction to the proprietor of the hotel.

If a gentleman at the same table shows you any civility, such as passing an article to you, you must thank him, but not start a conversation.

To use the piano of a hotel, when others are in the room, is rude and ill-bred; to sing is even worse. (If you must sing, be sure, however, it's not "The Last Round Up".)

—BUD SHAPIRO

P.S.—If, after reading this summary, you would like to change your ethics, get in touch with your nearest Hudson-Ethics dealer.—B.S.



Genuissa's Truckle Bed

An original story,
based on historical facts.

By ARDATH HUDDLESTON



GENUISSA was to marry the handsome King Arviragus of Britain, and her dowry was to be four chests of silver.

Genuissa frowned, not because the prospect of marriage with a good-looking young king was objectionable; but, being proud, and a

Roman, not to say anything of being the daughter of Claudius, she considered her beauty a sufficient inducement, without the added attraction of a dowry. She called for one of her father's workmen.

"Make me a bed," she cried, "such as the Briton's use; but not of common wood. I will have the finest materials and workmanship."

To her women she said, "Fashion me chests full of garments in the style of the Britons. If I am to be Queen of this island I will go clothed even as one of their own women. King Arviragus shall receive my beauty, my chests full of clothes, my truckle-bed, and— . . . nothing else, unless it so happens that he also win my love."

All winter long the men worked on Genuissa's truckle-bed, fashioning the parts of beautifully grained wood whose surface was as smooth and velvety to the touch as jade. They carved the head and foot with fine sharp chisels until beneath their skillful fingers, eagles and wreaths of leaves, the emblems of their princess' royal lineage, stood out like living things. Then they polished and dressed the beautiful piece of furniture to the brightness of a mirror.

The women cut and sewed dresses and under garments, in a design quite unlike their own. They purpled them with bands of royal crimson, colored with Tyrean dyes, and embroidered them with golden threads.

And when all were completed and laid carefully in the great chests of olive wood Genuissa smiled to herself, and sighed with satisfaction.

When, in the Spring, Genuissa's galley came up the Thames to Londinium, Arviragus and his men were waiting on the shore to receive her.

"Take my possessions to the king," Genuissa said, "I shall follow later."

The chests were taken ashore and opened.

"Garments!" exclaimed Arviragus, "Where are the chests of silver?"

He was answered, "Nothing remains my Lord, except the lady and her bed."

The king stamped with rage.

"By all the Gods!" he cried. "I will not endure this insult from the Roman, for, after all, I am ruler of this land, and there are women in Britain who are as beautiful as any imperial dame. Marry this woman I shall, because my word was given; but never shall I look upon her face; nor, will she ever bear me a son, half-Roman, to carry on my name."

For three long years Genuissa lived with her women in the least attractive part of the king's house. The rooms were low-ceilinged and cold. The furniture was crude, ugly, and uncomfortable; and the smoke from the smouldering logs upon the floor in the middle of the room did not always rise directly to the hole in the ceiling, but often, with a sudden draught, spread about and made Genuissa's eyes smart.

The days seemed interminably long and dreary. The people despised her as a neglected wife, and their ways were strange and uncongenial to Genuissa. The food, too, was coarse and unattractive to her palate after the delicate viands of the Roman table; and the British manner of eating seemed barbarous to her refined tastes. Nevertheless, she made the best of her lot. She tried to like these strange people who were now her countrymen. She gradually overcame the aloofness of her women by her willingness to tell them tales of foreign lands, and her ability to sing

songs, and play for them upon her harp. She showed a real interest in their pastimes and soon became almost as skilful as they with the distaff and loom. She taught them new methods of embroidery, and amused herself by making designs for them to copy. She set herself to learn their language, so harsh and difficult to her tongue. Before a year had passed, she had mastered it so completely that they could not find a single flaw in her speech.

Her mirror revealed to her that she was growing more and more beautiful and she did not neglect herself for a day. She spent long hours brushing her rich, dark hair until it shone. She enquired of her companions as to their beauty secrets, and arose at daybreak to bathe her soft, rosy cheeks in the morning dew.

Meanwhile Arviragus was away most of the time fighting. There were fierce men from the north to subdue and rebellious subjects to punish. Then, too, he had to settle disputes among the nobles, and help them with their plans for new towns.

One day, during a period of peace, he was wandering in his garden, when he came upon a woman feeding the swans. He paused, and watched her for some time, wondering at the grace of her movements and the whiteness of her arms. Then he approached the river bank.

"Never before," he said, "has such beauty gladdened my eyes. From whence dost thou come?"

The lady stooped to stroke the soft neck of a swan.

"I am one of the women from the castle, my lord," she answered softly, "and craving your pardon, I must return forthwith, for there are matters which need my attention.

For the next three days, the king, himself, fed the swans. He arrived early, and gave them their food with prolonged and assiduous attention. Meanwhile, the lady, no doubt seeing that the birds were so well taken care of, thought it quite unnecessary to appear. On the fourth morning, however, she was in her accustomed place when Arviragus came out with his basket; and together, they threw the bread and watched the swans dip their graceful creamy necks into the water for it. When the

last piece was gone the lady arose to return, but the king took her by the hand.

"Stay," he cried, "and walk along the river bank with me. Thou art the most beautiful woman I have ever seen, and my heart is foolish with love for thee."

The lady blushed, and looked down.

"But thou hast already a wife, my lord," she reproved him.

The king scowled.

"A Roman!" he cried. "Ill-favoured no doubt. I have never even seen her face, nor heard her voice. I shall put her away and take thee in her stead. But since I know thee not save through my love, tell me, I pray thee, who thou art, and thy father's name and station."

The lady lifted her face and smiled, while her eyes twinkled demurely.

"I fear greatly," she answered, "that my name will please thee not. It is Genuissa, daughter of Claudius, and queen, although never wife to Arviragus.

A year later, Arviragus was going north into battle. He was taking a tender farewell of his wife.

"When shalt thou return?" she asked.

"I cannot tell," he replied. "It may be many days."

"In that case," she said smiling, "thy son may be here to welcome thee."

Arviragus kissed her again.

"May the Gods be kind to you both," he breathed with trembling lips.

On going out, he called for his leech and commanded him.

"See that the queen suffer not when the child is born. Procure for her Morian wine from the Roman city of Verulaneum, to make her sleep. And I charge thee to beware lest my son leave his mother even one wrinkle from pain.

When Arviragus returned, Genuissa was lying in her truckle-bed while near the fire the women attended a screaming, lusty infant that squirmed and kicked at their ministrations.

"Thou art more beautiful than ever, my sweet," said the king to his wife. "Would that I were rich, for then I should like to build me a city that would forever tell the world of

Uneasy Lies the Head

By WILLIAM WOOD

PRIZE SHORT STORY

I WALKED slowly into High Park. The terrific din caused by the cars and the hurrying, restless shoppers and tradesmen still rang in my ears. For days I had been searching for a job—and hours of that monotonous tramping drove me nearly crazy. I sat down with a sigh of relief on an empty but welcoming park bench. A morning paper was scattered over it and I managed to reassemble the majority of the pieces. The Work Wanted columns stared at me balefully, page after page of marvellous opportunities for brilliant salesmen, carpenters and laborers. Nature had not been very kind to me. I had been rich, powerful and important. Now I was suited for nothing. I glanced bitterly at the editorials and the screeching headlines they had. A slight jarring shook the bench and I realized I had been joined by a companion in misfortune.



As he sat down beside me on that Saturday morning I knew him to be a "man with a grievance." I have met his kind on trains, in buses, on park benches, and their stories, which are always easy to draw out, are occasionally rather interesting.

I opened my paper wider, and began to scan the headlines. Almost instantly I recognized the pressure of the shoulder, the craning neck that meant that my companion had risen to the bait of free news.

I made a pretence of noticing him for the first time, and nodded politely. His face seemed oddly familiar.

"Good afternoon," I said.

He did not notice my greeting but continued

to stare over my shoulder.

"Headlines," he murmured, "life and adventure at a glance. How I love them!"

"Yes," I said, "they certainly satisfy the craving for the sensational."

"I used to be an editor myself once," he went on, his eyes eagerly absorbing the printed page, "so I feel their power more than the average person."

"Ah!" I said, "and doubtless you have some good stories to tell about scare headlines that never reached the press."

"I have — one," he said, looking at me for the first time, his little bald head cocked on one side, his mournful blue eyes striving to recall dim memories and misty faces. "Your face seems vaguely familiar," he added abruptly, "somewhere I've—but to go on to my only story. It happened to me personally."

I leaned back and waited for his "grievance."

The sun was shining in Slavogia, but the hearts of its inhabitants were heavy and grey. And in Verson, the capital city of the little state people drew in each breath carefully, as if laboring under a heavy burden.

In the newspaper offices the greyness of the dull routine pervaded everything, from the dusty files to the even dustier printers and proof-readers. As for the little editor, he was but a shadow of a man. He was well-paid and well-housed, but there was something missing from his life. To an editor, the hum of an office, the clicking of many typewriters, and all the pleasant noises connected with gathering news and putting it out for an avid public are life itself. But in Verson the press was muzzled. Revolution had broken out. The king and queen had disappeared, none knew where—and the country was ruled by the heavy hand of a Dictator. He had whirled into power, riding at the head of a large and victorious army. The people welcomed him with open arms. But disillusionment soon came, as they labored under his ever-increasing despotism.

The little editor suffered with the rest. Each day he was handed an outline of the day's "news", and each day it consisted of dry, safe generalities. The little editor yearned with all his soul to splash his paper with headlines, and to rouse up the people from the sluggish rut into which constant oppression had forced them. Instead he had to lull them into false security with optimistic reports of the new regime.

Then one day while he was going through his roll top desk, he came upon a yellow fragment of paper, crushed down at the back of a drawer unopened for years. Scrawled upon it was a story that a flurried reporter had left in the desk in the early days of the revolution. It was a startling story—so startling that he trembled as he grasped its significance. At last the mystery that had surrounded the disappearance of the king and queen was explained.

The reporter told how he, hidden in the courtyard of the palace, had witnessed the massacre of the royal couple—with the Dictator standing by.

The little editor gasped as he realized the power that he held in his hands. The people thought they had been deserted by their king and queen when the rebels marched on the city. How would they react to the true story? His eyes gleamed as he turned the flimsy paper over and over. What a headline! What a sensation! Dare he print it? Would this inflame the country to rebellion against their hated Dictator? Yes—he decided suddenly—it was worth it. He would risk everything on one last glorious extra.

The story was rushed to press. A carefully prepared outline of the Dictator's simple home life was tossed aside and in its stead a violent

denunciatory article was printed. Half an hour later the sensation was shouted on the streets by hastily enrolled reinforcements of newsboys. It was the first extra Slavogia had ever seen.

The ex-editor mopped his brow. "The mob went crazy," he exclaimed, "stark, staring mad! Long years of hated oppression had made them sullen and brooding. Their former king, who had been the most heartless ruler Slavogia had ever had, they now regarded as a saint and martyr. They stormed the palace. The guard and the army joined them and the Dictator fled from the country. Then by some strange twist of mob psychology they turned to the man who had stirred them to action." The little man smiled sardonically. "They carried me—their saviour—to the palace and installed me on the throne. I was to inaugurate a new era of prosperity!"

He plucked idly at a bit of grass clinging to his shabby suit. "Headlines shot me onto a throne," he smiled, "but headlines brought me down again—I need not go into that. I was not a very good king." His voice was wistful.

He rose abruptly, and turned to go. Words started to my lips, but something held them back. The last I saw of him was his shiny pink tonsure twinkling in the sunshine, as he moved off across the park.

I rose, tucked the paper under my arm and walked slowly out into the hum and rush of the city. My thoughts fled back to the stirring days in the little state of Slavogia, for they were as familiar to me as to the little ex-editor, whose scare headlines had sent me fleeing from my country to end on a park bench in a great Canadian city.

I had been the Dictator of Slavogia!

Genuissa's Truckle Bed (Continued from page 43)

my love for thee."

Genuissa smiled to herself.

"Riches we have not, my beloved husband, but there still remains my bed. Whether it would build thee a city such as thy heart desireth, I cannot tell."

Arviragus regarded her closely, thinking that perhaps she suffered from fever, and looked about for the leech. But Genuissa laughed aloud with amusement and happiness.

"Stoop thy broad shoulders," she cried, "and

draw forth the bottom of the bed. Therein thou shalt find not only the four chests of silver that my father promised thee, but also two chests of gold. Take them, with all my love, and build thy city."

Thus in due time there arose fine buildings and fair roadways, surrounded by a wall. The people were very proud of their new town and the beautiful queen who had caused it to be built. They named it Kerglou and later Gloucester.

The Love of Lord Blessys

By WILLIAM BARRINGER



ME and Jep Arkeran was sittin' an' smokin' on the shady verandah at the front o' his ranch house when I casually mentions a subject I wants proof o' the rumors about, bein' that he brung hisself home a wife from the ayleet o' Yurope.

"Jep," says I, "that wife o' yourn is right smart at housework."

"Reckon so," drawls Jep.

"S'funny," says I.

"That bein a insinuation," says Jep, "ye'll get the hull yarn to prove it."

This starts Jep off on his fav'rit pas-time o' yarn-stringing an my fav'rit o' listenin' to him, but jest as he's a-startin' we hears a buckboard tear-in' away from the back o' the house. In a couple o' minutes we sees it a mile or so across the chaparral.

"Mail man," says Jep. "Somebody with him."

He lights his pipe an' I busts off a twig o' mesquite to chew at.

"As ye know," he starts, "I jes come back recent from a trip to England hob-nobbin' with the high and mighty, but as ye don't know, over thar I acquired me the moniker o' Lord Blessys in order to prognosticate any indiscriminate intentions nurtured by them as might be inclined to harbour suspicions as to my identity—."

"Granted," says I; "Continue."

"Bein' Lord Blessys," he goes on, "in residence at Brockley-on-the-Sea, I nacherly gits

a corral full o' invitations to swank balls an' sech in the immegit vicinity. 'Twas like ropin' my fust calf tryin' to pick out the ones to R.S.V.P. to so I closes my eyes an grabs one an' finds thet the honor o' my presence at Lady Sue Fralamony's ball next Saturday p.m. would be deeply appreciated.

"This ball, though, turns out to be a shindig instead of a game so I hikes back to Brockleby pronto, an' changes my sweat-shirt fer a soup an fish. It don't seem to matter how late I am, cause the hostess (git that) the hostess button-holes me an' introduces me to the Duke de Dischewotter an' Count Loggerbier an' such contemporary celebrities an' then — then Pete, me boy, it happened. I saw her. "Jep," says I to myself, "there is a

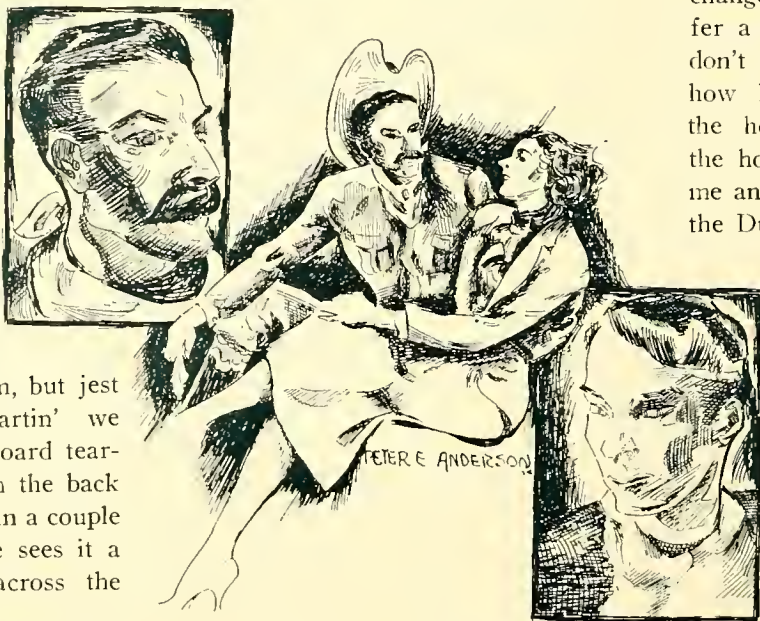
portion o' pulchritude you covets as part and parcel o' yer future joys and sorrows," an' findin' that I agrees with me, I manages to maniperlate a introduction.

"Countess Kerrean," I says, acknowledgin' same, "this is one o' the few pleasures o' my lonely life."

"Lonely, Lordy?" she says, lookin' dreamy at me, "why aint that coincidental!"

"Milady!" says I, tryin' to look like the butler in the movies over to Dead Hoss Gulch.

"Oh, don't be so formal, Lordy," she says, grabbin my arm. "I think we're gonna be friends. Let's stroll in the garden an' find out."



Well, them garden scenes goes on reg'ler fer a coupla weeks when I decides to interrogate her as to the possibility o' more intimate social relations of a consequence. I corrals her on Count de Silver's balcony durin' the Grand Ball and lets go.

"Madame," says I, sneakin a arm round her waist, "I reckon it's up to me to enlighten you as to certain details, properly already embedded in your downy cranium."

"Come again," she says.

"My love," I ventures, "it occurs to me that the noble families o' Kerrean and Blessys, once united would reign soopreem on the Times sassiety page. If the feelin's is reciprocal we'll ride herd on the parson to-morrer an embrace the shackles o' Hymen."

"The feelin's," she says, coyly, "*is* reciprocal."

Suddenly the monstrosity o' my actions dawns on me. Here I carries myself away with my own elokwents to the extent o' inveeglin a pore innocent gal inter a sense o' security in love wich is unadulteratedly false.

"Wait a minute, Jane," I says, slow, kinda chokin. "I can't do it. I gotta confess you a startlin' revelation.

"You can't say nothin' that'll make no difference, Sweets," she d'clares, with a hug.

"I don't know 'bout that," I blurts out. "You see I—I aint really a Lord—now listen a minute.—This Lord Blessys thing is jest my idea o' humour, see? I hit it off pretty well last season, over to Arizona an' havin' dough in my jeans, I figures on realizin my ambition fer tastin' the niceties o' nobility. From thence forrard Jep Arkeran becomes Lord Blessys—an' you know the rest."

Wal, after that she looks at me kinda funny, then smiles.

"You can still bet on us, Jep," she says. "We're two of a kind."

I stares at her.

"Meanin' wich?" I demands.

"Jest this," she tells me. "You jest finished barin' yer soul to a Bond Street shop girl. My idea was the same as yours Jep, only," she adds, rueful, "I had to save for it longer."

"So, taint so funny," Jep. finishes, "thet she is as handy as she is. Well—" he stands up an' stretches, "come on in an' see if she's got some grub rustled up fer us."

As we goes in, I slaps Jep on the back.

"She shore musta went fer ye, Jep," I says. "Think o' all them rich hombres she could a had."

"Money," says he, "didn' mean nothin' to her. Her soul was hungry fer love an' love I give it."

"Taint my soul thet's hungry right now," I suggests.

Jep starts gettin' profuse in apologies an' sets me in the parlour while he hoofs it fer the kitchen. I sets around fer five or ten minutes an' begin to wonder if he fell down the well. Finally I goes out to the kitchen myself an' I sees Jep sittin' there, starin', an' not seemin' to see anythin'. I speaks to him soft, but he don't say nothin' jest shoves a piece o' paper across the table. I picks it up and reads it.

"Dear Mr. Arkeran,—Thank you so much for the perfectly lovely time. I enjoyed my own humorous little escapade, I am sure, as much as you did yours. You saw your "nobility"; I saw my wild and woolly life. The mail man is taking me to the station. Thanks again, Good-bye and good luck.

Jane, Countess of Kerrean.

P.S.—I'll get the divorce in Paris. J.K.

FINIS.

(Honourable mention in the Short Story Contest.)

* * * *

DREAM SHORES

A blissful picture lingers in my mind,

As oft in dreams I view a placid sea,

But dawning leaves the tranquil scene behind

And nought is left but longing memory.

A dancing sunbeam dropped a crimson kiss

Upon a sparkling sea, whose wavering hand

Had lightly traced with tender, playful bliss

A lacy pattern on the silver sand.

Above the beach the royal bluffs enthroned

Kept silent vigil o'er the slumbering bay

Like some majestic monarch on his throne,

Who holds a mighty empire in his sway.

No birds of prey shall seek that solemn sea,

Nor angry clouds bring threats of lashing rain,

For only dreams reveal those shores to me,

Where majesty and grace conceal life's pain.

—Margaret Forsythe.

CLEAN UP WEEK

What Others Say About It

Eddie Cantor—"Why didn't you tell me about this clean up campaign, I could have sent you Rubinooff. Ah, yes."

Mae West—(Whose picture hangs in a dusty locker.)—"Say, why don't you clean up and see me sometime, black and grimy? Do you think you Mae West your time?"

Ed. Wynn—"I think it was a good idea, Graham, but it's nothing new."

Graham—"Is that right?"

Ed. Wynn—"Sure, they only changed the name. We used to call them poker parties."

* * * *

Will Rogers—"Those North Toronto students might come down to Washington and help President Roosevelt sort of clean up the Senate. They certainly did a good job of 'Garner'-ing at home."

* * * *

Baron Munchausen and Charlie—

Baron—"And so, Sharly, efter dot, dey killed seventy-six tousand, eight hundred und ninety-vun rats."

Charlie—"Why, Baron, that's ridiculous."

Baron—"Und dot's not counting der vun vot got away."

Charlie—"Why, the whole story is absurd, preposterous. I don't believe it."

Baron—"Vas you dere, Sharly?"

Charlie—"No. Were you?"

Baron—"No, by golly, und I don't belief it minezself."

* * * *

What We Say About It

This clean-up campaign may be compared to a scavenger hunt. However, the clean-up campaign is really much more educational since ingenuity plays a greater part than accomplishment. The banner was awarded for the first time two years ago, when North Toronto proved to be the "scavengerest" secondary

school . . . We regained this "honor" in 1933. Possibly they referred to Hooker's commercial chart and saw some mystical relation between the years '31 and '33. This is quite probable, as many thought we won the banner, "by Hooker by crook!" . . . Then again, maybe they put all the names in a hat, and North Toronto was pulled out first. . . . Or it may

have been the best two out of three. . . . If those score cards were tallied the computators must work on an annual contract. . . . If all the dirst, garnered (as Will Rogers said), during the campaign were stretched from end to end it would-er—"well it would make Walter Winchell, the original scavenger, feel cheap . . . dirt cheap. Yowsah." . . . Say, Bernie, you're in the wrong section. However, you

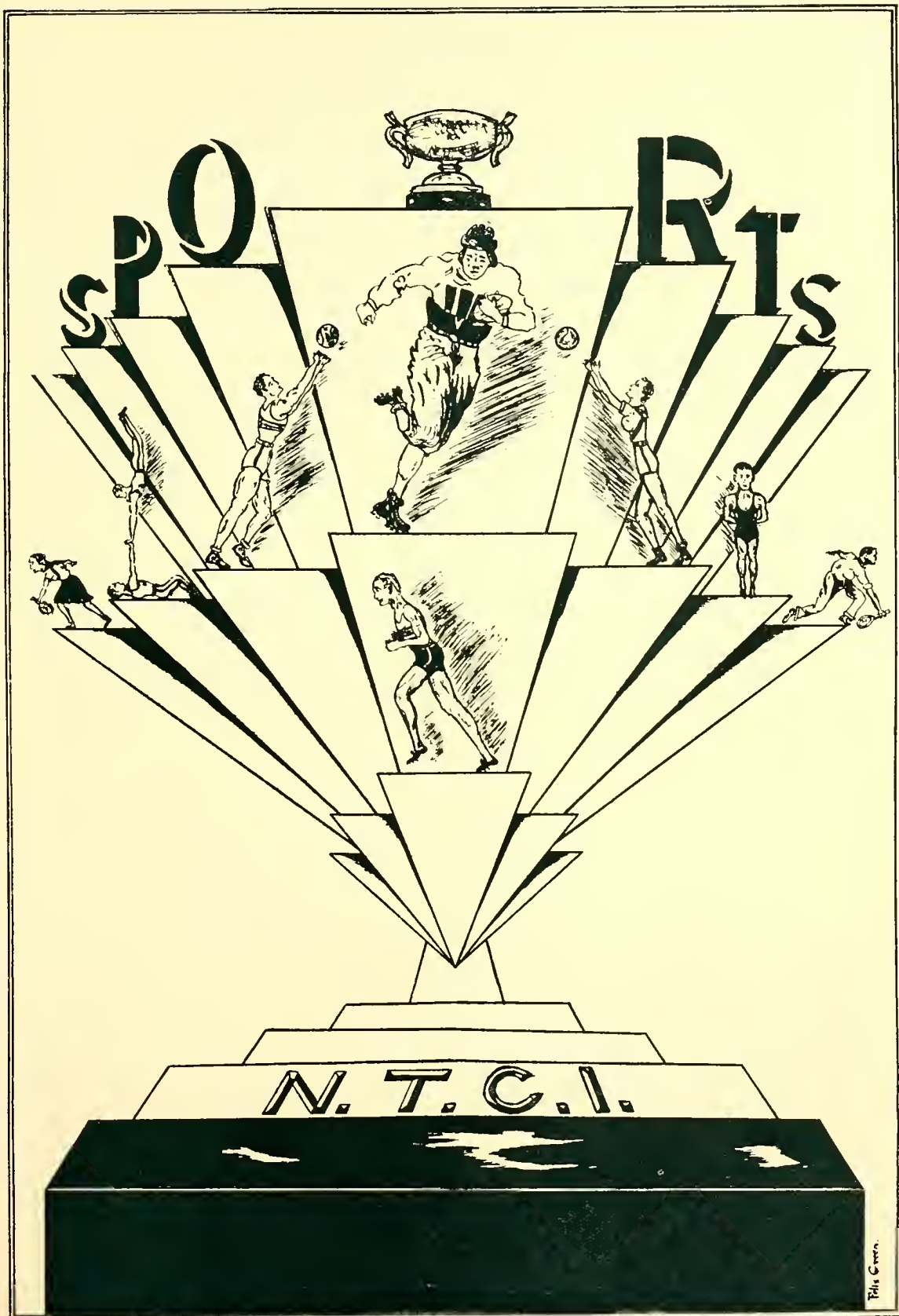
may comment in "What Others Say About It." . . . Well, anyway, if you would have asked the old maestro his opinion of the campaign, he would have replied it was a "dirt cheap." But seeing you don't want his opinion in this section he will not give it, so help me." . . . Pardon the intrusion, folks, that was Ben Bernie . . . One thing is certain, a "clean-up" banner was due to North Toronto. That is if you consider the accomplishments of our scholarship winners, track squad, and senior rugby team . . . In conclusion, may we say, that if the city can clean up the T.T.C. as satisfactorily as we cleaned up North Toronto, we will return the banner . . . This is your local correspondent BUD SHAPIRO . . . Good-night.

* * * *

"So you confess that the unfortunate man was carried to the taps and drenched. Now, sir, what part did you take in this affair?" asked the investigator.

The Freshman meekly replied: "The left leg, sir."





BOYS' SPORTS

NORTH Toronto can look back on her sports achievements of the past year with justifiable pride. Our trophy cabinet is now groaning beneath the weight of hitherto elusive cups and shields. That cursed jinx which has dogged North Toronto's Athletic aspirations has finally been broken forever (we hope)!

In the following brief resumé of Athletic endeavours we have probably touched too lightly on the untiring and unselfish efforts of our various coaches. They, who gain nothing but the satisfaction of seeing these boys fill positions in real life as capably as they did on the gridiron, deserve more credit than the hardest working player on the team. On behalf of the School, we take this opportunity to thank you and may your future be rewarded by a continuous line of Championships.

SENIOR RUGBY PERSONNEL

1. "WALLY" WILKINSON: the old pokerface himself. A more popular captain never donned a North Toronto uniform. Mr. Reynolds made no mistake when he said that Wally was the best snap-back in high school football. A tower of strength, both physically and spiritually, Wally played a stellar role in his last year of football.
2. "VIC" SWINDEN: (half-back) is heralded by newspapers as the greatest half-back in high school rugby during the 1933 season. Starting his football career with Mr. Page's 1929 125 lb. Champs, Vic has improved steadily under the coaching of Messrs. Page, Bryce, and Reynolds. Popular with fans and players both, this coming star will be seen with Balmy Beach or Argo Juniors next year.
3. "GORD." MACDONALD: (half-back) this veteran has played every season since 1930 but in his last year he has certainly displayed his best brand of football. Gord runs as he dances and that means gangway! Not only does he excel at rugby, but is equally good at hockey and swimming.
4. "RED" MONEY: The most reckless player on the team. Red certainly did not spare himself and flattened opposing plungers with careless abandon. His canny knowledge of football earned him the pivot position on a championship team.
5. "MERRY" MERRIFIELD: (half-back) This blond menace is the boy who can throw forward passes farther than others can lick. His long pass, coupled with MacDonald's deadline punt, clinched North Toronto's first Senior Championship. Developed under the tutelage of Mr. Page, Merry's aerial attacks formed one of the chief offensive threats of the team.
6. "GORD." KIRBY: (Flying-wing). This mighty mite of pep and fight, When holes are made, he makes 'em right. Gord does not confine all his energies to football, but also plays a stellar role of guard on the Sr. Basketball team.
7. GEORGE "OFFSIDE" PETRIE: (Inside). George showed a surprisingly affectionate disposition, as he could often not wait for the whistle before he had the opposing quarter-back in a loving embrace. George will continue his amorous ways on next year's line.
8. TED WATT: (Inside). Ted's peculiar style of plunging made him a consistent ground gainer, and his defensive tactics left nothing to be desired. He hopes to be out of the school next year, but there's many a slip . . .
9. JEFF LYDIATT: (Middle). Jeff is certainly not an unfamiliar figure on the gridiron. If scholarships were given for rugby, Jeff would certainly qualify for the honour, as he has the game down to a science. Incidentally, no school can boast of a better locker-room quartett than that composed of Jeff, Red, Vic, and Gord.
10. "HANK" GLOVER: (Outside). Hank should make a good "Broadway Columnist" as he has the "low down" on all half-backs unfortunate enough to be tackled by him. His sure fingers and

- fleetness made him about the best pass-receiver in the city.
11. DARCY HOWICK: (Outside). "Darce" resembles a brown teddy-bear in winter and certainly is a bear for work in the fall pastime. His hard tackling and never-say-die spirit earned him a regular position on the ankle-clutching brigade.
 12. "FAT" PETTIT: (Middle). Although "Fat" had to use a shoe-horn to get into his pants, it tended to keep his wits about him when on the field. His bruising plunges and heavy tackling left their mark on many an ambitious player.
 13. JIMMY HAZELWOOD: (Quarter). Like Arnup of Varsity, Jimmy made up for his lack of size by his intimate understanding of the game. Pinch hitting for Red at quarter he handled his team like a veteran.
 14. BILL DOUGAN: (Half-back). Bill is the boy with the "Charlie Chaplin" feet and how he eats up the ground when clad in either cleats or spikes. "Douggy" starred at half-back on the Sr. team and is also a fine sprinter on the track team. With the remaining members of this year's squad Bill will form the nucleus of next year's defenders.
 15. BOB MORROW: (Lineman). Bob was the handy-man of this year's line. Any position was capably filled when he was in there. Bob was severely "cut-up" about his "chinning" with "Rosy."
 16. JERRY DUNSFORD: (Outside). Oakwood's gift to North Toronto this year was Jerry, tackler "par excellence," whose specialty was pulling down men twice his size.
 17. STAN McCULLOUGH: (Outside). Mac's slight build forced him to give up his snap position, which he played on last year's Juniors, to outside wing. This change was a great asset in rounding out our tackling brigade.
 18. "BEE GEE" WALKER: (Half-back). Another one of Mr. Page's proteges, "Bee Gee's" spirit and relief kicking were invaluable to the team.
 19. TOM BRADY: (Middle). This elongated Irishman came to us, like Desmond, from Upper Canada College. His great height made him a hard man to pass on the line.
 20. JIMMIE BINNIE: (Flying-wing). Bashful Binnie's hot hosiery and ruddy rompers, camouflaged a fine tackler and conscientious player. Will be heard from next year.
 21. RANDALL JOHNSON: (Inside). Ran realized his fondest ambition in becoming a member of this year's squad. He is sure-fire for next year's team.
 22. "CAESAR" GLOCKLING: (Manager). This little manager not only looked after the interests of his team but in the role of trainer his soothing hands beat many a tattoo on twitching tendons. His wise-cracking relieved many a pre-game tension. "Is zat so?"
 23. RAWLY RAWLINSON: (Middle). Jack played that thankless position of middle and featured by his almost super-natural ability to cipher plays. In the final game Rawly did the defensive work of three men while our ranks were depleted by penalties. The blood-poisoning Jack had must have gone to his head as he has since left here for that cosmopolitan school, Central Tech.
 24. JACK CHRYSLER: (Half-back) Like the new Chrysler model, Jack is built for speed. His quick dashes around the end brought the crowd to their feet in every game. Jack's unfortunate injury in the Parkdale semi-final game lost his exceptional services to the team for the final.
 25. WOOD BEDELL: (Inside).
Give a yell for Wood Bedell.
Despite his weight his game was swell.
Wood's experience gained this year will make him a big factor on next year's line.
 26. SPENCER "ROSY" ROUSELL: (Outside). Rosy was the old "cut-up" of this year's squad and will testify to the fact that Morrow is a heady player. His speed in going down under kicks made him a valuable player.
 27. DEL WHITTAKER: (Half-back).
Del, Del, the ladies' man,
Oh how they'd gasp when the ball he ran.
The experience gained by him this year will aid in rounding out our next year's half-line.



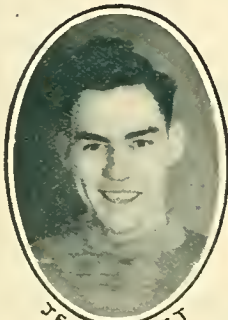
BOB MORROW



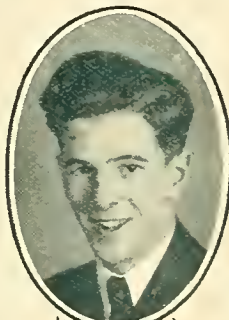
WALLY WILKINSON
CAPTAIN



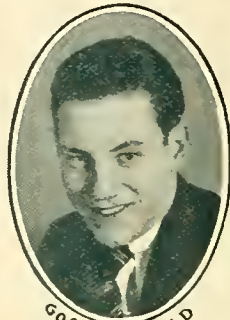
HENRY GLOVER



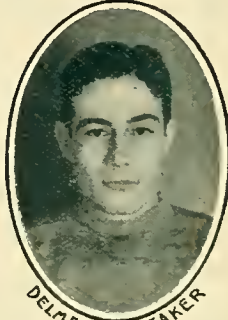
JEFF LYDIATT



VIC SWINDEN



GORD McDONALD



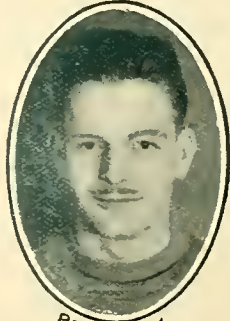
DELMER WHITTAKER



BEV WALKER



GEORGE PETRIE



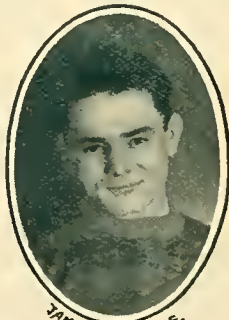
RED MONEY



JACK CHRYSLER



RENDALL JOHNSON



JAMES BINNIE



GORD KIRBY

Bev Walker



BILL DOUGAN



JIMMY HAZELWOOD



NORM PETTIT



WOOD BEDELL



BERT GLOCKLING
MANAGER



SIDNEY REYNOLDS
COACH



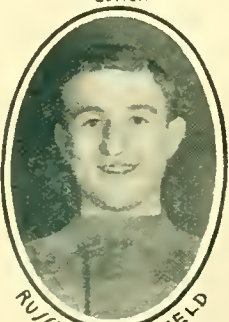
BILL ROUSSELL



JACK RAWLINSON



JERRY DUNFORD



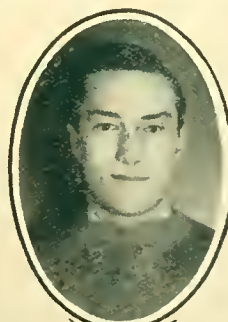
RUSSEL MERRIFIELD



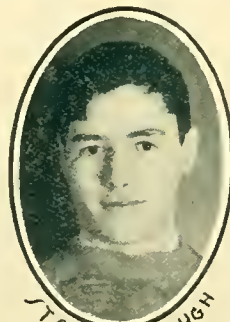
TOM BRADY



D'ARCY HOWICK



TED WATT



STAN MCCULLOUGH

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦ SENIOR RUGBY GAMES ♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

North Toronto 36—Central Tech 0

This game proved to be a mere workout for our powerful squad as Tech. displayed its usual indifferent style of football. For the curtain raiser of the new season it was a drab affair.

Riverdale 0—North Toronto 16

Another easy win was chalked up at Riverdale's expense. Two unconverted touchdowns, three singles and a field goal for 16 points is a good indication of the team's offensive power. The half-line in this tilt looked particularly good.

North Toronto 6—Malvern 0

This game was a floodlight feature at Ulster stadium and in the opinion of the writers was the most spectacular game of the season because the group leadership was at stake and both teams went to work with a will. A quick offensive in the first period, consisting of a long forward for a touchdown and a single a few minutes later, gave North Toronto an early advantage. For the next three periods our powerful line turned back every scoring thrust of the hard-plunging Malvern outfit and the boys applied their third straight coat of whitewash.

Jarvis 3—N.T.C.I. 3

This game rang down the curtain on the regular season and was a hard fought affair throughout. However, our line gradually pushed back the Jarvis team and by the end of the third period had piled up a three point lead. With but a few minutes to play a desperate attack by the Red team carried them to N. T. 40 yard line, from where Darbyshire,

their star half, kicked a field goal from a seemingly impossible angle to tie and end the game. This was a disappointing finish as the boys wanted to end the schedule without being scored upon. The team now entered the quarterfinals against the powerful Parkdale squad.

North Toronto 16—Parkdale 0

Crang's stadium was the scene of this battle and proved to be a battle between two tricky half lines. However, our wing line made wonderful interference and the outsiders tackled like fiends. Aided by forwards our team ran the heavier Parkdale aggregation into the ground and accumulated an unsurmountable lead. This victory gave us a bye into the finals and provided a much needed rest.

Finals: North Toronto 2—Malvern 1

On a field more suitable for the making of mud pies than good football N. T. defeated its rival Malvern. Each team played a careful brand of football and it settled down into a "two bucks and a kick" affair with both wing lines putting up a stout defence. An interrupted forward pass in the first period enabled Malvern to open the scoring. However, North Toronto tied it up early in the second period. The game appeared destined to end a tie when the break of the afternoon occurred. Merrifield wound up for a forward pass and heaved the ball for all he was worth and from a nest of Malvern defenders Swinden cut in from the touchline, grabbed the ball and was downed for a 40-yard gain. From here Macdonald wasted little time in kicking the single point that won the game and the championship.

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦ JUNIOR RUGBY GAMES ♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

Although once again the Championship proved elusive, the 1933 Junior team had a successful season. Three wins in exhibition games, two at the expense of Pickering College and one over Northern Vocational, put the boys in shape to beat Central Tech. Al-

though heavily outweighed all along the line, they counted a 9-1 win by staging a rousing rally in the last period. Malvern, however, proved a stumbling block and the result was a 9-1 loss in a bitterly fought game under the floodlights. Riverdale, too, proved strong,

securing a 6-0 lead at half time. Another battling finish nosed out the opposition 8-7. The high spot of the season was the elimination of Jarvis 6-3, a victory that did much to avenge the previous defeat in the city finals.

In the first round of the semi-finals, Danforth Tech. was defeated 22-6, with the whole team performing in a manner that augured

well for the Humberside game to come. However, the good fortune that had brought victory in previous Humberside battles deserted the team. A 7 point deficit in the first five minutes proved too much to overcome, and another Junior team met a final defeat, which however, was no indication of the brand of rugby which they played.

JUNIOR RUGBY PERSONNEL

With MR. PAGE to teach the game
And start them on the road to fame,
With BARRINGER and his First Aid
The Junior Rugby team was made.
Great throngs of budding heroes tried
But on these few did "BUD" decide.—
BILL SUBLETT, star and Captain, too;
BILL BOWLEN of the mighty shoe;
NEIL BRADY, stellar on defence;
HUGH BASSETT of a girth immense;
AL. CLARKE at middle plunged pell-mell
Through holes torn out by AL. CAPEL;
When POWERS called a power attack
He'd give the ball to ALCONBRACK;
Though o'er him would opponents tower
SMITH caught each pass by "Floating Power";
SID ALLEN, outside wing, was quick,

And fleet at half was ALF. HOWICK;
"Hoss" WILLOUGHBY grabbed runners' legs;
Few snaps were quite as good as CRAIG'S;
GIBBONS and that GIBSON sheik
Would add strength when the line was weak;
An outside tackling star was AMOS;
BILL CULCHETH, too, was just as famous;
FRANK MORTON snapped the pigskin sphere
And TEDDY THOMPSON ran it clear;
GEORGE KARRY led the back-field guard
While PEARS called signals loud and hard.
And there they are, these handsome ginks
Broke down the dreaded Jarvis jinx,
But could not keep, though hard they tried
The one they had o'er Humberside.
They now pass on their hopeful dream
To win the cup, to next year's team.



JUNIOR RUGBY TEAM

Back Row—Gerald Craig, Wally Roberts, George Karry, Edie Powers, Bill Culcheth, Neil Brady, Don Gibbons.
Middle Row—Frank Morton, Al. Capel, Harold Gibson, Bert Willoughby, Alfie Alconbrack, Sid. Allan, Jack Amos, Alvin Smith.
Front Row—Mr. Bryce, Hugh Bassett, Alf. Howick, Bill Sublett, Mr. Page, Bill Bowlen, Ted Thomson, Al. Clark, Col. Wood.

BANTAM RUGBY

The North Toronto Bantam's romped through their schedule of six games beating N.V.S., J.C.I., M.C.I. (fell out) each twice to lead their group.

In the semi-final, Western Commerce were their opponents and after a hard tussel N.T. emerged with a 6-5 verdict.

After a delay of a few weeks, due to unfavourable weather

conditions, North Toronto met Central Tech in the finals, and swamped them by a 17-0 score thus winning the T. L. Church cup emblematic of the Bantam Rugby Championship.

So in the first year of their new league the Bantams set a record to be proud of and gave a rosy outlook for the Junior and Senior Teams of the future.



ED. DONNENFIELD
Captain



GEORGE HAZELWOOD
Coach



Back Row—Averill, B. Wardell, J. Kerwin, S. Lewis, Lennox.
Middle Row—Mr. Bryce, G. Tattison, Kantell, Dedman, Dignam, R. Gladish, Col. Wood.
Front Row—A. L. Loach, H. Jolly, E. Donnenfield, G. Hazelwood, Harold Swinden, J. Bennett.
Seated in Front—C. Simmons, J. Brisley.

BOYS' GYM SQUAD

The year of 1932-33 brought great success to the gym team. The year past was one of great enjoyment and intensive training with frequent ventures into the realm of competition. Though no longer under the excellent direction of Mr. Donaldson, who has seen fit to retire to Parkdale after his ceaseless efforts on behalf of the team, it has banded together its forces, shattered by graduation, etcetera, and is being coached by Mr. Bryce once again.

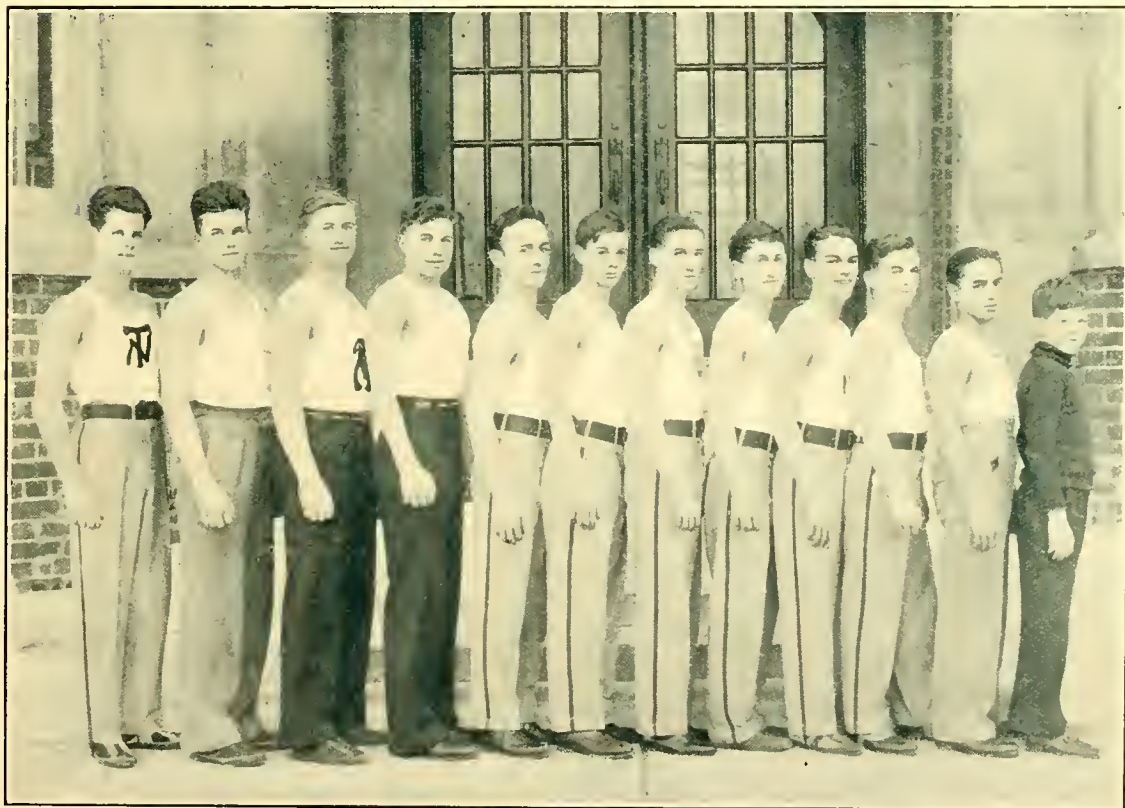
The team first shared the limelight when two of its members, Bev. Lewis and Ted Dunbar, finished well up with the leaders in the Ontario Junior Championships held last February.

A school gymnastic competition was held last March under the guidance of Messrs Donaldson and Bryce. The cups which were keenly contested for went to Ted Dunbar, Sr.,

Jack Skuce, Jr., and Benny Field, Novice.

The reputation of the school was considerably enhanced by the success of a team of five men who captured fourth place in a field of twenty-two teams from all over Ontario competing for the Ontario Inter-scholastic Championship last Easter. A creditable showing was also made by the team at Exhibition Park last June.

This year with but a few of the old guard left the team, after one short practise, delighted the spectators with a demonstration on Parents' Night. In spite of the fact that the parallel bars let the boys "down" in the middle of the show, it served only to add spice to the performance. They are planning several ambitious ventures for this year and the school as a whole wishes them every success.



GYM. SQUAD

Left to Right—Felix Green, Gord. Sutherland, Rus. Merryfield, Bev. Walker, Al. Howick, Jack Toy, Tom Newton, Don Barton, Ted Dunbar, Jack Tait, Ed. Donnenfield, Orr.

BOYS' SENIOR BASKETBALL

CORD. KIRBY: Captain and guard on this year's team. Always a bundle of pep and possessed of the never-say-die spirit. Small, but fast. Gord could be counted on at all times to give of his very best.

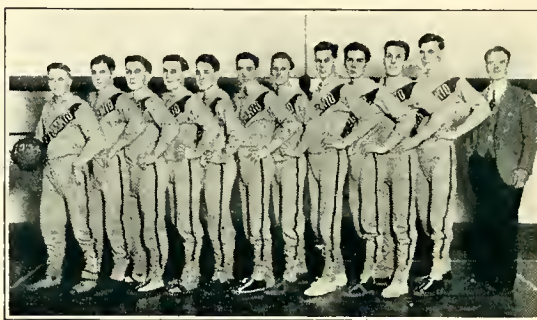
MR. BRYCE (Coach): Year after year "Arch." goes on giving his experience and ability to the moulding of excellent school teams. His efforts are vastly appreciated and all we can say Arch. is "May you have the best of luck in the future."

GORD. PACE: Gord has been a fixture on North Toronto teams for quite a few years. An excellent shot and a finished player. Gord was one of the main reasons the team got as far as it did.

ED. BEST: Although hampered by a bad ankle from the beginning of the season, Ed. played a star game throughout. A crack shot and a consistent scorer.

DAVE WALDON: Moving up from junior, Dave filled in quite a gap at centre. A very steady player and excelled in getting the tip-off.

ED. WILLIAMS: Ed's height and experience made him one of the best defensive men on the team. A hard worker and a real asset to the team.



SENIOR BASKETBALL

Gord. Kirby, Cy. Alexander, Stan. Spooner, Gord. Pace, Ed. Best, Jack Fisher, Bob Mitchell, Jim Varty, Ed. Williams, Achille Piette, Dave Waldron, Mr. Bryce.

BOB MITCHELL: North Toronto's blonde running star showed that he could also play a very good brand of basketball and never weakened the team when he was on.

ACHILLE PIETTE: A greatly improved player over last year. Played the pivot position and was a hard man to get around at the end of the year.

S. ALEXANDER: Coming from Parkdale "Alex." proved to be a very useful defensive man. Always played a steady and careful game.

JIM VARTY: Jim's high jumping ability came in handy getting rebounds. With the right coaching Jim should develop into a real player.

JACK FISHER: Jack showed that he had the makings of a good player and with a little more experience in Senior company he should make good.

STAN. SPOONER: Stan showed his worth as a dependable utility man and his presence on the team never weakened it.

HAROLD WOODING AND ROD BEATTY: These were two promising players who were brought out in the middle of the season to strengthen the team. Both are very good prospects.

Gord. Pace.



BOYS' JUNIOR BASKETBALL

MR. REYNOLDS (Coach): With inexperienced material "Syd." formed a real fighting team. He was the main reason that we went as far as we did.

BILL BOWLEN (Centre): Always started us off right by getting the jump. A good shot and a team player. One of our leading scorers.

EDDIE POWERS (Guard): A reliable Guard, the mainstay of our defence and attack. His playing was steady and a tower of strength to the team.

GEORGE GILMORE (Forward): A good shot and ball handler who could always be depended upon to score points when most needed. A finished player.

JIM JOLLY (Guard): A steady player who checks hard and works well in the offensive. Improved as the season progressed.

HAROLD GIBSON (Centre): "Gibie" was a good substitute to Bill. Watch him go next year.

BOB GLADISH (Guard): A fighting guard who could snare rebounds. Bob has another year junior.

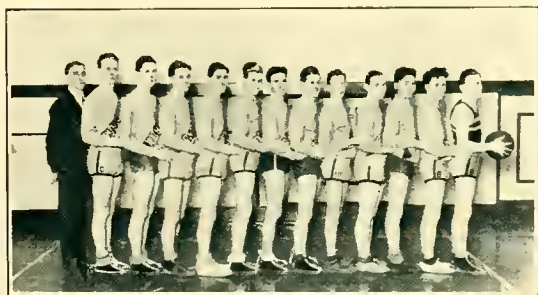
"HANK" MERRIN (Forward): A hard worker with plenty of speed. A fighter through and through.

LLOYD PEARS (Guard): Small, but effective. Come on "Pearsie" grow a few feet.

FRANK KNAPP (Forward): "Bullet" was always in there trying, but lacked experience.

TED LACKIE (Forward): The sheik of the team proved that he could also be slick on a basketball floor. Ted was one of the high scorers of the team.

Ted Lackie.



JUNIOR BASKETBALL

Left to Right—Mr. Reynolds, Harold Gibson, Bill Bowlen, Eddie Powers, Bob Gladdish, Ted Lackie, Geo. Gilmour, Jim Jolly, Goldman, Frank Knapp, Stan. Meschino, Henry Merrin, Lloyd Pears.

A large squad, consisting for the most part of fellows new to the game, greeted Mr. Reynolds at the opening practices. The best of these recruits were picked and moulded into a real fighting squad.

N.T.C.I. vs. HARBORD

We took a severe trouncing from Harbord. The green North Toronto squad were not a match for the smooth Harbord aggregation. Score 30-11.

CENTRAL TECH. vs. N.T.C.I.

An improved North Toronto squad defeated Central in a close hard-checking game. At the end of the first half we were leading 16-11, and we managed to hold on to the end to gain our first victory. Score 26-23.



N.T.C.I. vs. JARVIS

Next we travelled down to Jarvis to take a 27-14 beating. Jarvis were only leading by three points at the end of the first half, but ran wild in the second to score eighteen points to our eight.

BLOOR vs. N.T.C.I.

North Toronto took a well-earned 18-12 victory. Our lead was never threatened.

N.T.C.I. vs. CENTRAL TECH.

A fast, well played game with N.T. nosing out a 13-9 win.

JARVIS vs. N.T.C.I.

Inability to shoot fouls and too many personals called on us, doomed our chances of victory, and Jarvis emerged with a 22-9 winning margin.

N.T.C.I. vs. BLOOR

North Toronto scored another well-deserved win in which our lead was only threatened by a final rally in the dying moments. Score 18-11.

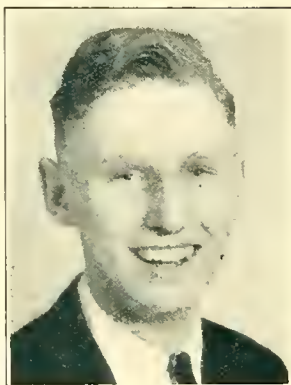
* * * *

Mr. Teeter: "What is a cold snap?"

Georgie: "A cake of ice at half price."

~~~~~ TRACK AND FIELD ~~~~~

During the 1933 season, N. T. C. I. climaxed years of endeavour in Track and Field by bringing home three Canadian titles to the school, the 440, mile and mile relay. To Mr. Bryce goes the credit of coaching and building up this hitherto unglorified branch of athletics. This fine record should be an inspiration for bigger and better squads in the future.



BOB MITCHELL

FIELD DAY:—For a change, Old Sol beamed down upon the campus, where, much to the enjoyment of the spectators, stiff competition was furnished in every department.

In the senior class, Paul Bowlen, with three firsts and a second, emerged the victor, followed closely by Bob Mitchell. To the winner went the splendid recently donated Birks-Ellis-Ryrie Cup, signifying the championship of the senior division.

After the smoke had cleared away in the intermediate class, Bill Dougan and Jack Chrysler were found to be tied, each with three firsts and a second while Bill Bowlen ran a close second. The championship was awarded to Dougan due to his accomplishments in outside meets.

The Junior class was also keenly contested. Bill Laird and Bob Gladish proved to be the class of the Field, with Bill edging out a win.

Others to show merit were Brett, in the intermediate 440 and Willoughby in the high jump clearing 5.5.

The summary of N. T.'s win in Track and Field during the 1933 season is:



RELAY TEAM

Con. Kuhn, Bob Mitchell, Cyril Pidduck, Jack Crowder, Paul Bowlen.



DOMINION RELAY CHAMPS

Left to Right—Jack Crowder, Paul Bowlen, Bob Mitchell, Con. Kuhn, Cyril Pidduck

INTERSCHOLASTIC BOARD OF EDUCATION MEET:—Victories were chalked up by the Intermediate and Senior Relay team with Bob Mitchell winning the mile event. The latter two also established new records.

TORONTO AND DISTRICT MEET:—Winners at this meet were: Willoughby, high jump; P. Bowlen, 220 and 440; Mitchell 880 and mile; Glover, third in broad jump; Kuhn, third in discus; and the senior mile relay team.

ONTARIO INTERSCHOLASTIC:—The boys continued to clean up in the mile relay and Mitchell kept his record intact by taking the mile event.

CANADIAN INTERSCHOLASTIC:—At Cornwall the best that the Dominion could produce was not good enough to stop our team's winning streak. Bowlen nosed out Griggs of Hamilton Central to win the 440. Mitchell by force of habit romped home in the mile event. The relay team was hitting on all four and walked away with an easy victory while Con. Kuhn, its fifth member, took a second in Discus.

EXHIBITION MEET:—Fresh laurels were again added to the already long list, the relay team of Dowe, Lowry, Merrifield and Smith took a second in the two mile relay and the senior relay took the mile and senior medley. W. Bowlen also placed in the century while needless to say, Mitchell won the mile event.

ONTARIO JUNIOR (B.B.F.F.):—With Kuhn and Smith substituting in the senior relay a new Ontario record was established. Victories also were garnered by the Junior relay

composed of Baker, Jolly, Lowry and Taylor. Mitchell and Lowry in mile. B. Bowlen and McArthur placed in the 440 and high jump respectively while Jolly copped the running broad.

ONTARIO OPEN — BEACH OLYMPIC:—Against all comers, Mitchell won the mile and P. Bowlen took a close second in the 440.

Due to the class shown by this year's squad, N.T. has decided to send a team to the World's Interscholastic Relay Championship this April at Pennsylvania. Practically a new team has to be organized to fill the breach left by the departure of Crowder Pidduck and Bowlen. However, there are many up and coming youngsters around the school and last year's high standard should be maintained.



PERSONNEL OF TRACK & FIELD

1. PAUL BOWLEN: North Toronto lost the Dominion High School Champion 440 man when Paul was lured away to Oklahoma University. As starting man on the relay he could be depended upon for an early lead. It's oil right he'll be back.
2. JACK CROWDER:—Jack ran the second leg of the relay and made sure that Paul's lead was kept intact. He is now living in Vancouver studying Pharmacy. (Some day we'll hear him say, "Whatlitbea 'Coc'?")



3. CYRIL "TINY" PIDDUCK :— This was Cyril's first year of track work and as 3rd man on the relay he certainly made good with a vengeance. We hope soon to hear of Cyril burning up the cinders for dear old Varsity (so help me).
5. "CON" KUHN :—King "Con" as utility man for the team could do everything from throw the discus to run in the 440 in capable fashion. Con. comes from Hamilton where many of the track stars of the Dominion are produced.

4. "BOB" MITCHELL :—Bob has been acclaimed by the critics as one of Canada's leading milers, and sure fire for the next Olympics. During the past year he has practically won every mile event he has entered, including the Dominion Mile High School Championship. On the last lap of the relay Bob passed his opponents so fast that is probably the origin of that popular song, "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes."

BOYS' SENIOR SOCCER



SENIOR SOCCER TEAM

Rear Row—Stan. Spooner, A. Tadman.
 Middle Row—Mr. Gerrow, J. Davis, Art Scriven, C. Brisley,
 B. Honkle, Fred Heather.
 Front Row—R. Orr, E. Golightly, Bob Heather, E. Inman,
 Ted Heather.

The autumn of 1933 saw the addition of Soccer to the sports list of North Toronto Collegiate. Under the supervision of Mr. Gerrow, the popular athlete and coach, the school entered a Senior and a Junior team in the Inter-High School League.

Several experienced players were available for the Senior team, but the Juniors were almost wholly composed of inexperienced fellows. Although the results, with regard to the number of games won, were not favourable for the school, those uninitiated players gained invaluable experience for future years. Even during the past season the team's ability increased noticeably with the practice and playing. With such promising development one can be optimistic about the future of Soccer at North Toronto.

Senior Team

North Toronto's first game was with Riverdale Collegiate, finalist for the last four years. The superior combination along with the perfect backfield of the East-enders gained them a victory of 6-0.

The game with the Northern Vocational was fast and much more promising. Aided by good combination, Spooner and Heather scored to hold N.V.S. by 2-1 right to the last part of second half. But a long shot from the Northern forward line beat Scriven's long legs and the game ended 2-2.

A cold, windy day was the time, and a pitch of crushed stone, gravel and cinders at John Wanless school was the scene of the game with Danforth Tech. Besides losing large chunks of their anatomy on the playing field the boys from Broadway lost the game by 3-0.

In their game with Central Tech. the North Torontonians showed vast improvement. On one of their fine forward line rushes Tadman scored, but despite the improved work the team bowed to Tech to the tune of 3-1.

A disastrous change in form lost the game with Jarvis. Due to North Toronto's inability to do anything right, along with fine playing of the fellows from Jarvis St., J.C.I. took the game, 5-0.

Captain—"Bob" Heather. "Bob" is a quiet, capable fellow whose untiring efforts were always noticeable. His ability and experience were great assets to the forward line.

BOYS' JUNIOR SOCCER



JUNIOR SOCCER TEAM

Front Row—R. Davis, H. MacIntosh, D. Gregg, B. Scott, J. Brown.
Middle Row—Mr. Gerrow, T. Hargreaves, B. Gregory, G. Harrop, G. Meen, K. Rumble.
Back Row—L. Hendren, J. Bedford, B. Elliott, Fred Heathcote.

Junior Team

North Toronto made a fine start in the game with Riverdale Collegiate. For a time the play was well matched, but the greater experience and fine team work of the Riverdalians won the game 7-0.

Northern Vocational fielded a fast team of experienced players possessing fine combination. N.T.C.I. proved tenacious and a good

fighter but lost the game 3-0.

The team's first game away from home was at Withrow Park vs. Danforth Tech. Due to homesickness and other things the boys suffered a defeat of 2-0.

The game with Central Tech. showed a better grade of football on the part of North Toronto. The forward line made repeated organized rushes on Tech's goal and Brown and Harrup each scored. However, the Technicians took the game 3-2.

The gradual improvement in the junior team reached its peak in the game with Jarvis Collegiate. The team held this formidable rival to a 0-0 score for full time. But in the over-time play the Jarvisites netted the one that gave them the game by 1-0.

Captain—"Bill" Greig. "Bill" justified his team mates' choice for captain by his ability throughout the season. His agility in tending goal saved many deadly shots and kept opponents' scores to a minimum.

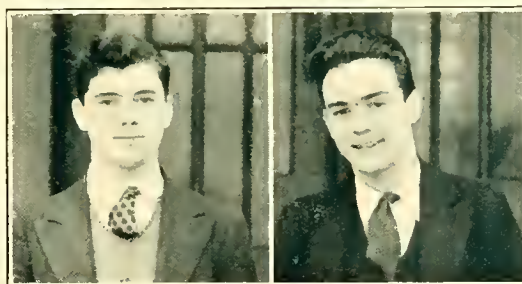
Coach—Mr. Gerrow. Both teams had a leader of proven athletic worth in Mr. Gerrow. His enthusiasm in practice and the fine way he gets along with the fellows assures good leadership at all times.

BOYS' TENNIS

FOLLOWING the lead set by the girls in the matter of organized Tennis, the boys staged a very successful Tournament in this sport last fall. Owing to lack of facilities at the school, matches were played at any available courts north of Lawton, by arrangements made between the players themselves.

The unknown quality of the 86 enthusiastic entrants who signed the list required grouping of the contestants by drawing lots. In the first round or two the would-be Tildens and Vines provided a high, wide and handsome brand of Tennis.

As the Tournament progressed, competition grew keener and some very close, well played matches resulted. It was early in November before the final was staged between Ernie Rollaston and Ted Hird. Although the weather was cold, this didn't harm the tennis and after a very strenuous five match series Ted captured the first Boy's Tennis Championship with the scores of 6-3, 7-5, 4-6 6-2.



HUGH BASSET

ALVIN SMITH

From the interest shown last fall it is judged that organized boy's tennis will rank high among the major sports at N.T.C.I. in future years.



GIRLS' SPORTS



President—*MARIAN BEST.*

Vice-President—*NORA CROWE.*

Secretary—*MARGARET SOMERVILLE.*

Treasurer—*RUTH JACKMAN*

THE school year of 1933-4 is half over. This has been one of the most successful years in girl's sport. The girls have gone into each succeeding sport with fresh interest and enthusiasm. Everything got off to a good start with the tennis tournament, and each phase has proved once more that athletics are the most popular of the after-school activities.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC COUNCIL



Back Row—*M. Johnston, R. Young, M. Taylor, J. Whiteside.*
Middle Row—*A. Meen, J. Ruthven, L. Brockway, M. Beaton, M. Gray.*
Front Row—*J. Marshall, N. Crowe, R. Jackman, M. Best, M. Somerville, D. MacEachern.*

Volley ball, swimming, tapping, tumbling and apparatus work all have their turn. Badminton is played all the year around. Basketball is perhaps the most popular of them all. With Miss Fenwick and Miss Tilston guiding us to higher standards in the way of athletics and teaching us always the true qualities of sportsmanship, what more can we ask!

PERSONNEL

MARIAN BEST—

At the head is Marion Best
Always ready for any test;
At Basketball her shot is sure
And for her zest there is no cure.

NORAH CROWE—

Next in line is Nora Crowe,
In Basketball she's on her toe(s)
Vice-President is her lofty station,
She's ready to help on any occasion.

MARG. SOMERVILLE—

The Secretary's place to fill
We chose a girl named Somerville;
In Badminton she's always there.
In Basketball she's everywhere.

RUTH JACKMAN—

Ruth Jackman is our Treasurer,
Her figuring could not be surer,
Gym work for her is just a lark
No need to make her toe the mark.

"JOHNNY" MARSHALL—

Then "Johnny", Basketball convener
It is really hard to beat her
At Basketball she's of the best
And her Badminton is no jest.

"DONNY" MACEACHERN—

For Volley Ball
She knows her business tho' she be small
In Basketball her position is guard
The game for her is really not hard

MARG. JOHNSTON—

Marg. Johnston's job is apparatus
And she is always up and at us
Urging us to get some vim
And keep our figures young and trim

MURIEL GRAY—

Muriel Gray has the same line
Tumbling to keep you fine.
In track and field she is so fast
You could not pass her if you dast.

IDA TIPP—

Ida Tipp has charge of Tennis
On the courts she is a menace
In Basketball she is the star
Leaving them all behind, so far!

LORAIN Brockway—

Brockway for publicity,
She paints the posters that we see;
Go to her for an idea,
And as for basketball—my deah!

JOCK WHITESIDE—

In the swim is Jock Whiteside,
Right down to her job she's tied
And with her we're almost sure
Non-swimmers will find a certain cure.

MARJORIE BEATON our Howler Rep.

Certainly ought to have some pep;
With the Council behind to give her cues
She will give each branch of it, its full
dues.

JEAN FRANCIS is one of our best all-round
sporting girls. About her Basketball and
Badminton, words fail us. Keep it up
Jeanie.

One of the greatest mysteries to us is:: which
is Barbara and which is Betty Choate?
Both are outstanding little Basketball play-
ers. A referee thinks she is seeing double!
"JACKIE" JOLLY has her height to help in her
shooting. Her guards wonder what it is

like up there in the clouds.—Cold, I'll
bet.

"VI" McMILLAN, although small, is a really
fine Basketball player. "Jacky" and "Vi"
owe their success to a pound of grapes
a day! Try it.

BARBARA FENN is one of our outstanding stars
in Tennis. It is rumoured that Barbara
has a preference for orange balls tied with
blue ribbon.

FRANCES MACDONALD can play Basketball and
at Badminton she's not bad at all!

BETTY PRITCHARD is new this year to N.T.C.I.
—why how do you do, Betty! Seriously,
Betty plays a lovely game of Basketball—
take our word for it.

MYRTLE ANDREWS—We guarantee that Myrtle
is a good Basketball player, Badminton
player, and an enthusiastic life-saver!—
(Money back if not suited).

VOLLEY BALL

THE Girls' Athletic Council decided to
hold the volley ball tournament in the
fall this year and the basketball in the
spring. This plan seems to be an improve-
ment over that of other years. There must
be something lucky in the letter "B" in volley-
ball anyway, as IB emerged victorious among
the first forms; IIB likewise carried off the
honours in the second forms; IIIF proved to
be the lone exception to the rule of the "B's"
defeating all the other thirds; IVB was the
best of the fourth form teams while V-AB
were the winners in the fifth forms.

In the play-offs for the Lower School
Championship, IIB proved supreme. The Up-

V-AB BASKET BALL



Left to Right—M. Taylor, V. McMillan, M. Hall, H. Scott,
G. Gay, R. Young, J. Jolly.

per School Championship went to IVB.

Several games were played with other
schools which added to the interest in volley-
ball. The invasion of Parkdale resulted in
three losses and one win for North Toronto,
IVB coming through to hold up North Tor-
onto's reputation. The games against Malvern
were both won. The honours were divided
with Oakwood, each school winning one game.

MAY FREEMAN:—In Volley Ball May has a
hefty serve which never fails her. What
never! Well—hardly ever.

LOIS COLEMAN is a loyal supporter of her Vol-
leyball team. Field Day saw Lois in action,
especially in the high jump.

III-F VOLLEY BALL



Left to Right—W. Gain, E. Moore, J. Clarke, N. Ferguson,
J. Iler, A. Lane, M. Dunnsford, B. Wickens.

BASKET BALL

As usual basketball aroused the most interest. The tournament among the various forms was begun before Christmas. The fifth form schedule has been completed with V-AB winning the championship after a closely fought game with V-CD in which basketball was played at its best. In the regular games V-CD won twice from V-AB. Altogether fifth form basketball was very exciting. IV-B won in a game against V-AB.

ELEANOR DOAN is on that winning fourth form team. They count on "Doaney" and they don't count in vain. Eleanor also holds the purse strings for the Badminton Club.

Somebody please—oh, please, invent unbreakable lenses for BETTY KIRK's glasses. Her first dozen pair will soon be gone. Glasses or no glasses—when Betty gets the ball . . . two points, of course!

KAY SCOTT participates in that unpopular game—Basketball—Oh, how can she! But Kay is a nifty little Basketball player—no foolin'. We sit and wonder how EVELYN MOSSOP can slide that big basketball into that tiny basket. But can she do it? You're asking us? "Ev." also wields a wicked Badminton racquet.

LOIS HENDERSON is up to her old tricks in Basketball, mainly getting baskets. Wonder how she does it? Lois is progressing nicely in Badminton also.

JEAN CARR knows just where to put the Basketball. Where do you put a ball to get two points? Aren't you stupid. Jean owes her success to "Carr"-ters little Basketball pills—in the red and grey box.

AUDERY MILLER is playing Basketball again this year. Audery makes a good team-mate. Nice playing Audery!

She plays Basketball very well, plays a good game of Tennis and Badminton and has a wicked serve in volleyball. Who has? Why, LOUISE FORD!

EILEEN CLARKE can guard that Basketball like Nobody's business. "Clarkie" is progressing ever so nicely in Badminton.

BETTY McCULLOUGH shows the spirit of '98 when she plays Basketball. My! can she guard that ball. Ask the forwards.

"MIDGE" MASON plays Basketball with a right good will. Ooooooh! Those long shots. Midge recommends yeast for those long shots. Try a cake and see where your shot goes—What, out the gym! Tut tut.

4B. V.B. AND B.B. CHAMPIONS



Left to Right—A. Miller, D. White, J. Wilson, E. Doan, B. Kirk, M. Andrews, I. Tipp, G. Chippindale, L. Henderson, R. Green,

"Non-Swimmers" Beware! Here comes ALLISON MEEN. If you don't watch out you'll learn how to swim when Allison is near.

MARGE HOSMER captains her form Basketball team. She fell once, hurt her ear and her dignity — got right up, and did she get baskets — ask us — yes!

FLORA NICOLL, "pickles" to you, is in the right jar as it were, when she is on a Basketball court. Nice guarding, pickles, and we agree whole-heartedly.

Who's that knocking at the door, no not the Fuller Brush man, just one of his relatives. BETTY FULLER seems to have been raised on a Basketball court. It's a gift we maintain, to play like that:

"JACKY" AUGER of the "Choate, Auger Choate" forward line completes a nice trio. They need you "Jacky", keep it up.

JEAN RUTHUEN. Whoops! She's done it again! What? Oh just scored her 22nd basket. (Not exaggeration either).

Mary, oh Mary! We, as forwards, would like to see what the ball looks like. P.S.—That's MARY WILLMOT's reputation as guard. She is a great guard.

She's there! No, she's here! No, I see her; over there. My she's a fast guard! That's some reputation you have, PAT HUNTER. Confidentially, people, Pat is a good guard.

Who is an inspiration to her team? Don't you know—IRENE FARAM. She seems to radiate the spirit which makes one want to play.

HELEN CURTIS—Paging Helen. Oh, there you are. Helen, you are a nifty guard, always just where they want you. Is your face red?

JEAN MANSON is one of our future stars at Basketball. She's good now, so draw your own conclusion about what she's going to

be like. —Tough about the ankle, Jean—Don't let us catch you doing that again.

GRACE GAY is on the winning fifth form team. And is one of their stand-bys on the defence. When Grace was asked how she did it she said, "Oh, I'm just "Gay" and light-hearted"—Get it?

Marvellous floor work! Sensational shooting! and the best captain!—Who? KAY COLEMAN—and we mean it.

MARG. MEES is a steady and reliable guard. she does not let the opposing forwards get a chance at the ball. That's the spirit, Marg. RUTH GREEN, oh dear! We small forwards can't even see over her. But we'll give her credit she is a ripping good guard.

BETTY WICKENS brings her happy smile to a Basketball game and well she may because she is a keen player herself.

PHYLLIS COWIE. Small, but what a player! Everybody says Phyllis is a good teammate.

Fourth Form Basketball

IV-B seems to be in on everything in the way of sports. After gaining the volleyball championship they went right to work and carried off the honours in fourth form basketball with IV-A a close second. The games were well played however. They defeated V-AB and V-CD to capture the Upper School Championship.

Third Form Basketball

At the time of going to press the third form schedule is not yet finished. Form III-B is leading the way in one group with III-D ahead in the other group. III-A and III-H are running the leading forms a close second in their respective groups making the race very interesting.



MARIAN BEST
Pres. of Girls' Athletic Association



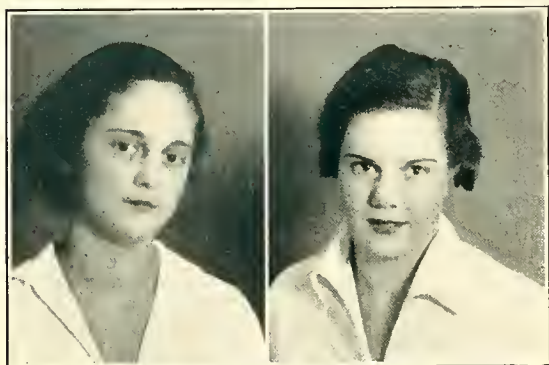
BILL SUBLETT
Captain of Junior Rugby



IDA TIPP
Tennis Singles Champion

*****BADMINTON, TENNIS AND SCHOOL CRESTS*****

TUMBLING AND APPARATUS



TENNIS DOUBLES CHAMPIONS
BARBARA FENN LOUISE FORD

BADMINTON

THIS year badminton has created more interest among the girls than ever before. As North Toronto has only two courts and limited time to play, the membership is restricted to fourth and fifth formers. When there is room, girls from the lower forms are allowed to play. The membership this year is well over eighty. Many of these are new to the game. So far there has just been a ladder tournament in which eighteen couples were entered. The four couples which work up to the top play other schools.

Up to the present, North Toronto has had only one tournament with another school. That was with Eastern Commerce. It resulted in 199 points for N.T.C.I. as opposed to 89 points for Eastern Commerce.

Much interest marked the beginning of girls' sports this year, which showed itself in the number of entries in the tennis tournament. It was scheduled for much earlier in the fall than usual and was carried through in record time. There was a decided increase over last year in participants which promises well for the future. Ida Tipp proved supreme in the singles, winning them for the second year in succession. She defeated Isabel Cation, 7-5, 6-1, who also played a good game. In the doubles, Louise Ford and Barbara Fenn were the winners, with "Johnny" Marshall and Ida Tipp the runners up. The score was 6-4, 4-6, 6-4, which indicates the evenness of the game.

MARY CALDER has returned to N.T.C.I. after three years' absence and distinguished herself at Tennis and Badminton.—Awfully glad to have you back, Mary.

PHYLLIS MEWS is really interested in Badminton and works hard at her game which is steadily improving. Keep at it Phyllis.

TUMBLING TEAM



B. Martin

J. Denison

B. Higginson
M. Camplin
M. Gray
R. Ferguson

B. Cook

C. Montgomery

B. Fenn

M. Nicol

A. Berry

P. Cuthbert

BADMINTON EXECUTIVE



Back Row, Left to Right—Jean Francis, Bessie McCullough, Frances McDonald, Lois Henderson.
Front Row, Left to Right—Jonny Marshall, Ida Tipp, Margaret Taylor, Elinor Doane, Evelyn Mossop.

YVONNE SECORD. Smack! My word! Can Yvonne smash those Badminton birds to good advantage? Yvonne is also interested in Volleyball, Basketball and Tap Dancing.

JEAN THOMAS is a very promising Badminton player. She has some old veterans we know of really worried. Jean also plays Basketball with a right good will.

MARG. MEEK is new to the illustrious game of Badminton this year, but she is progressing by leaps and bounds. Just try and keep her back.

FLORENCE GATES is another one of our bright lights in Badminton. We're expecting a lot from you, Florence.

WINNIE DUGGAN was a runner-up in the Tennis tournament and can she make the sparks fly around the Tennis courts.

SCHOOL CRESTS

At the commencement this year the following girls received school crests:—Ruth Young, Jacquelyne Jolly, Dorothy Henderson, Marian Patton, Betty Lawson, Merle McBride and Margaret Saunders. These girls are to be congratulated as it is a great honour to win a school crest. The requirements are, as every-

APPARATUS TEAM



B. Jeffers

J. Thomas

L. M. Weaver
J. MansonM. Johnston
B. CookE. Inglis
F. Nichol

M. Brown

C. Foster

one should know, sixty per cent. on the Christmas and Easter examinations, and participation in one major and two minor sports. The crest itself is given for athletic ability, executive ability, sportsmanship and personality. The list is getting longer every year, and although it is only open to fourth and fifth formers, should continue to grow in length and distinction.

TUMBLING

The call for all those interested to come out and join the tumbling team came in November this year. It was eagerly answered. The team was composed mostly of first and second formers. A short display was given



at the annual first form party in November, and on January 11th, Parents' Night, another exhibition was put on. The team has had a very successful season.

APPARATUS

This is a feature which has not been stressed much in the last two or three years, but this year a team was made up of all the girls who wanted to go in for this form of exercise. The team fully justified its existence. It performed on two occasions, once at the first form party and again on Parents' Night. It is to be hoped that this part of girls' sport will be continued next year.



===== FIELD DAY, TRACK AND FIELD, AND SWIMMING =====

Contrary to the well established custom at North Toronto, Girls' Field Day was postponed last spring owing to the general confusion caused by the examinations and the termination of all activities. Several weeks prior to the meet, which was held early this fall, the jumping pits and track were used almost constantly by those who were the enthusiastic participants of field day events. The Junior Championship was won by Fern East with 11 points out of a possible 15. She was closely followed by Lois Davidson and Betty Martin who tied for second place, each having 9 points.

The Intermediate Championship won by Muriel Gray, gaining 9 points, was, like the Junior, very closely contested. Second place was again a tie. The honours were shared by Elinor Doane and Lorraine Brockway. Dorothy Jolly emerged Senior Champion with Ida Tipp in second place.

The support of the spectators was greatly appreciated by all. Ribbons were presented by Mrs. Plumptre, Miss Hampson and Miss Standing to those placing first, second and third in events. Although a heavy shower drove the onlookers to shelter, it was possible to run off the few remaining events and bring the program to a successful conclusion.

FERN EAST certainly started her career at N.T.C.I. with a bang. She was Junior Field Day Champion this year. Lots of time for winning yet, Fern.

These JOLLYS seem to be a sporting family.

Here is "Jacky's" young sister DOROTHY Senior Field Day Champion. That's what you get for being jolly.

LIFE SAVING



Top Row—M. Andrews, M. Mason, R. Young, M. Somerville, C. Foster.
Middle Row—J. Whiteside, J. Manson, M. Moore, D. Brown, A. Rothwell, E. Inglis.
Bottom Row—F. East, F. Elliott, J. Noseworthy, J. White, V. Noseworthy.

SWIMMING

Although North Toronto is not fortunate enough to have a tank of its own, swimming is carried on through the use of the Northern Vocational tank. Beginners have the privilege of swimming on Tuesday afternoons, while the life saving class makes use of the tank on Thursday afternoons. Ten of the girls are trying for the bronze medal and two are trying for the Intermediate test, while one is trying for the silver medal. We wish them every success.

MONABELLE SUTER has taken a keen interest in swimming this year and is at present working for her bronze. Best of luck!

MARY McCORMICK is also a swimming enthusiast and will try her bronze shortly. Tap dancing is also in her repertoire.

ENA ERSKINE is our mermaid extraordinary. How she can go through the water is beyond us. Ena also plays a smooth game of Basketball.

ELIZABETH INGLIS is practicing faithfully for her silver medal and is also a loyal supporter of the Apparatus Team.

HOPE GRAY is another of our swimming clan and she is improving every day. Hope has hopes (alliteration) of a bronze medal soon. Hope you get it, Hope.

SALLY BRADFIELD. You should see Sally dive! To say nothing of swim. She can do a double front flip, (we think that's what you call it), to perfection.

★ ★

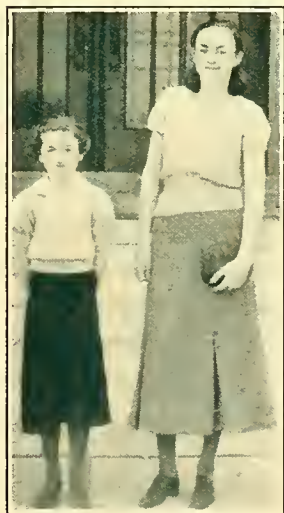
TAP DANCING AND FIRST FORM PARTY

THIS year the special Tapping Class held after school one afternoon a week, was thrown open to all girls interested. In former years, only the middle and upper school were allowed to join. The result has been very satisfactory. The class has gained in numbers until now about 25 girls are enjoying the privilege of taking extra tapping. A short display was given on Parents' Night. We hope it continues to gain in popularity.

OLWIN PEARSON is one of the best Tap dancers we have. You should see her feet go—it's too fast for us.

AUDERY KELLY, La petite

THE LONG AND SHORT OF THE FIRST FORMS



Berta Higginson Anne Rothwell

Mademoiselle, whose Tapping charmed the audience at the "Big Broadcast." We're tapping for you Audery.

BABS JEFFERS is another one of our promising Tap dancers. Babs also takes a keen interest in Basketball and Apparatus.

second formers which echoed out of the gym on the wild and stormy night of November 22nd. It was the occasion of the annual first form party given by the Girls' Athletic Council. The second formers were included this year as this is the first year in North Toronto for many of them. Relays and games were enjoyed by all, while exhibitions of tumbling and apparatus work were enthusiastically received. The short skit put on by the second form Volleyball captain was also heartily applauded. Miss Tilston and Miss Fenwick took a well deserved rest from teaching and enjoyed the efforts of those trying to take their places. The evening closed with the singing of the school song and God Save The King. Apples appeared at the end of the evening and everyone voted the party a great success.



Keith Toppin, Jack Houston, "Mac" MacTaggart

FIRST FORM PARTY

"Where, oh where, is sweet little Susie?" was the tragic (?) lament of 110 first and

... Poems ...

SKY

Blue vault incarnadine at dusk,
Or lambent, lit with tongues of gold;
When time and man were pulseless still . . .
Yet, even then, thou wert old—old.

Thou watched the aeons come and go,
Nor gave a sign, nor shed a tear;
Saw kingdoms rise, and kingdoms fall,
And lands made desolate and drear.

Prize Poem

Still over all, thy great cloak spreads,
Enfolding earth within thine arm,
Eternal Watcher of our span
Can aught thee hurt or harm?

And so, when time has passed away,
We wonder, wilt thou still be there?
And will we know thee better then
And smiling, see thee still as fair?

Nellie Coe 4-F.

WINTER AND SUMMER

When dreary winter comes again,
And all the trees are bare,
Perverse I think of summer,
When a fragrance fills the air.
When the sapphire lakes and rivers
Sparkle 'neath the August sun,
And the purple depths at twilight,
Where the wood-nymphs hide and run.

Bent on a burning summer morn,
That swims in dust and sun,
And a thousand insects fill the air,
With dull incessant drone,
I think of those crisp, frosty days
'Neath winter's hoary hood,
When the glen, all white with drifted snow,
Gleams through the leafless wood.

Betty Kirk 4-B.

LONELINESS

Dark Dawn—
Your cold fingers tracing
A future path for joyless pacing.

Sunless day—
Your blank surface etching
A pattern for friendless hours stretching.

Cold eve—
Your hopeless thoughts providing
A meagre raiment for naked souls hiding.

Barbara Pritchard.

MEADOW VIOLETS

They opened in wonder at the huge golden sun
And gazed in sweet delight, bits of sky each
one;
Soft, damp and shining blue, in fringing lash
they lie
And flutter, peek and laugh—meadow violets
—baby eyes.

Reynold Johnston.

FRIENDSHIP

There are many deep emotions that penetrate
the soul

That raise one's aspirations to such heights
beyond control

That no human calculation e're can estimate
their worth.

And most potent of these passions that circulate
the earth

Is that complaisant quality of confidence in
friends,

That in its simple silence a link of kinship
lends.

There are many happy feelings resulting from
success.

Success in all true conflicts doth every victor
bless.

There's a joyous exaltation enters every human
heart

At victory, in a contest in which one played a
part.

The winner's gilded trophy for triumph in a
race

Is paltry when it's valued with the loser's
friend's embrace.

There are manifold temptations that test us
day by day,

And often we have fallen upon an evil way.

There are many institutions that claim to guide
one's life,

There are countless gentle teachers to warn
one of the strife;

But when there comes real conflict and morals
see defeat,

A preacher may be helpful, but a good friend's
hard to beat.

There are many great perplexities and problems
to be faced

That seem at first to stagger one, until he has
been braced

By some sound advice, accompanied by true
encouragement,

By council that is wise and just, without a supplement

Of selfish deviation towards another's gains.

When all other counsel fails, a friend's advice
remains.

There are many, many sorrows that strike us
down with grief,

And from our many burdens we vainly seek
relief.

There comes to one some lonely night, a feeling
of despair;

The pain of mental agony, alone one could not
bear.

But when one pours his troubles forth into a
dear friend's ear

An understanding sympathy will banish every
tear.

There are many who will friendly be while
things are running smooth.

It's when, "things all seem going wrong," that
friends their mettle prove.

For some but like our money, and others like
our clothes,

And some just like our name or rank, beware
of friends like those.

Friends of many kinds there be that come to
you and me.

It's often up to us you know, to say the kind
they'll be.

There are many, many changes wrought in a
life by love.

There's much to strengthen character in
thoughts of friends above.

There's a mighty power within us, of that there
is no doubt.

And every Christian friendship inspires it to
come out,

To blossom forth in beauty of character and
face

To make a world of peace on earth, good-will
toward every race.

John Newbold, 5-G.

AN EX-PUPIL LOOKS AT LONDON, ENGLAND

Extracts from a letter from Margaret C. D. MacKay who left North Toronto in 1932 and has since become a private secretary in London.

London is a fascinating place. Somehow it has a variety that is never stale. Each morning I cross the Thames on a bus to my office, which is south of the river. The house where I have my digs is quite a piece north of it in a very nice district, and it is a half hour's drive down every morning. There the river lies in the early morning air, still and sleeping. The tide is half in, but a soft grey-blue veil lies over the dark water. It wraps the great bridges and spires and buildings in an enchanting mystery, so that they appear like the towers of a fairy city. It rests gently on the still sleeping forms of great barges and small tugs and the tall masts of the shipping anchorage along the shore. Then as you watch, it turns gradually to silver, and then to gold, as the gleaming fingers of the sun snatch it from its resting place. You may see all this in a glance as you rush across the Battersea Bridge on the top of a large red bus, clinging to your lunch and your library book as the son of Nimshi takes the down-grade without braking, and nonchalantly slips the wheel of his huge chariot between a Shell-Mex oil tanker and a diminutive market cart, skids past three workmen on bikes, and draws smoothly up to the curb. And you descend, still grasping lunch and book, from your perch and your view of beauty, and slide expertly through the traffic to the drab grey street leading to a time clock and the "daily round."

But when that day is over, in part, and you have consumed a hasty lunch, you go and hook your elbows on the Embankment parapet, and watch the endless pageant of the river. The tide is full in and everything is busy. Tugs, dozens of tugs. Big tugs, little tugs, tugs of all sizes and shapes plying busily up and down with airs of the greatest importance and energy. No one ever saw a lazy tug. A large tug passes going down river with three empty barges. A tiny little one with the entire rain-

bow in bands round her smoke stack is going up with six vast barges behind. On the off side is another of about the same size. So broad are their combined barges that it is tricky for them to pass under the smaller spans of the bridge abreast. Each tries to beat the other to it. The net result is a tie, and they scrape through together, fortunately without damage. The two barge masters shout at each other at the tops of their voices. Neither one has consumption, so the air is purple. Rainbow bands describes black and white funnel's ancestors with a keen eye for detail, and an equal attention to the female line. Black and white responds with hair-raising biographies of rainbow bands' progenitors and progeny unto the third and fourth generation and never once repeats himself. Finally rainbow follows a particularly blistering remark with "See you at the Queen's 'ead tonight, George?" "Yus, you perishin' so-and-so and which-and-what, and if I beat you through Lambeth Bridge it's your turn too!" And so they pass. A Dutch cargo boat, gleaming like a yacht in white and green paint, very neat and dignified; a battered, dirty coaster, badly in need of paint and repairs, her decks littered with rope and anchor chains, her squat funnels slanted to take the arch of the bridge, comes wallowing up river, very low in the water, but she'll ride high going down again. It is surprising that one never observes a *clean* coasting steamer. A Norwegein tramp is coming in to take on cargo at one of the great warehouses. Flour or something. Can't quite make out the name on the dock. Her anchor goes away with a great splash and there is much shouting and running to and fro on her decks. Several strings of coal barges are going up river, followed by a small French freighter. A smart sea-going cabin cruiser launch comes tearing down, the flag of the Thames yacht club showing. Somebody going for a trip.

About fiveish, you pack up and start for home. If it is later, you see a new aspect of your beloved river. Night. The water is a band of black satin sewn with gold sequins and red. The water is silent, mysterious. Blacker shadows on the blackness, lie the ships tied up for the night. Slipping silently in and out of the bands of coloured light on the surface is a

long, slim, black shape. The launch of the river police. It has quite a turn of speed concealed in its long lines. This little-known body of men prowl up and down the river with a keen nose for smugglers of all sorts. Cocaine, lace, French wines, cigars and what not. Also they are the terror and despair of all criminals who use the river as "an highway and a way,

but not the way of holiness." Of course they're farther down in the Port of London proper, and the great Docks, but one sees them up the river quite often.

Fascinating London, with its marvellous galleries and museums, its theatres, the finest in the world, its Court and its State functions, its endless pageantry, its never stale variety.



VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS

(Any teacher with Association tickets)

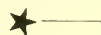
Wha'll buy my pretty tickets
Fresh brought frae the press,
'Tis nae sa much I'm askin',
Their wee sma' price I stress.

Wha'll buy my bluish tickets,
But half-a-buck to males;
Think on the old school spirit;
Dinna disregard my wails.

Wha'll buy my pinkish tickets,
At forty sous a fem;
'Twill match yere Sunday bonnet
And I tell ye 'tis a gem.

Come round ye sheiks and gentlemen,
Ye coquettes, brutes and flirts,
And buy my tickets quick, before
They take me out stark nerts.

William Barringer, 5D.



ODE TO THE VICTORS

The Seniors won—
Nor once did dire defeat's degrading sting
Find harbour in their ever-fighting hearts,
But victory over teams from all the parts
Of town, at last fulfilled the words we sing—
To N.T.—"many trophies we will bring."

With seven wins in just as many starts
With one tie game, inconsequential thing,
With Pettit's plunges, Swindon's nimble darts
The Seniors won.—

To any mountain-man would Petrie cling.
Old "Merry" fifty yards the ball would fling
And fleet-foot Glover make the play look
smart;
So let the chimes of victory loud ring;
To every ear the joyous news impart,
The Seniors won.

William H. Barringer 5-D



STUDENT'S PARADISE

Preface

If H. G. Wells, in "Men like Gods," can offer his idea of Utopia, I see no reason why I cannot offer mine.

PART I.—*Paradise Found*

"Hm., ten o'clock, I really must put a stop to these late hours," I yawned as I woke up for the first time Monday morning.

x x x

(Note x denotes an interval of one half hour. In this case the three x denotes an hour and a half. Of course if you only take two x in the morning that is quite all right, even though they are poached. No doubt some people like them cuddled. There I go digressing from eggs to chickens. (See it reader?) And as a quarter of the Marx Brothers told me, "Please keep of digress.")

Well, after the hour and a half interval, I sat down to listen to the morning radio broadcast.

A voice from some other part of the house: "It's a shame the way you keep the Board of Education limousine waiting."

"I'll be ready as soon as this program is over. It will only take another ten minutes."

Realising that it was now almost twelve I hurriedly rushed out of the house into the aforementioned car.

"Sorry to keep you waiting," I said, more out of force of habit than sincerity.

"That's quite all right, sir. I understand that the morning assembly will be held at one-thirty, from now on, sir."

"That will be more convenient," I replied, without looking up from the morning paper that was placed for me in the car.

"That is what the principal thought, sir. After all, you know, he has the students' interests at heart."

"Well sir, here we are at school again. May I carry your books to the door for you. I forgot that there isn't any homework anymore."

"Yes, it is very absent-minded of you," I said. Then continued, "I'll have one of the teachers phone for you when I am ready to leave school."

"Very well, sir, good-morning." (Imagine! at 12.35 p.m.)

"Hm," I mused, after the door-man withdrew the portulicis, "how will I while away the time till the 'morning' assembly at 1.30? Well, hello Bill! (Bill Barringer's approach takes my mind off the morning muse. This is a good thing since 'no muse is good muse.')

"I say, Bill, how will we pass the time from now 'till assembly."

"Follow me," replies Bill, as he heads for the elevators.

"Billiard Room," Barringer spoke up as we entered the cage."

"I get the cue, guv-nor," replies the elevator man. (Sort of a Bill and cue affair.)

x x

"O.K. Bill, then tea it is at three-thirty," I said as we entered the auditorium, (Imagine sipping tea. Well I have to have some excuse to get into the revamped cafeteria.)

Yes, dear reader the auditorium was not what it used to was (apology to Mr. Shaw.)

"Two together?" we were questioned by a uniform.

"Yes, please, and towards the back."

"Very well, section C, lounge number 23."

Out go the lights.

Strains from Jerome Kern's "Roberta," are heard issuing from the orchestra pit and believe you me, it was a lucky thing that it was strained.

The music stops, all eyes are now focused on the stage. Enter principal Ed. Golightly, of the North Toronto graduating class of '36. "Remind me to dig that orchestra pit a little deeper, I can still hear maestro Hodginoft and his orchestra."

The maestro jumps up. "If it is pleezing to you so much, mine pal, I would like to apologize from dat lest stateroom."

"Why, Hodginoﬀ, calm yourself."

Principal Golightly stands up again to speak. "Students of North Toronto Collegiate I understand that the Board of Education intends to follow out its original entertainment policy of having the movie stars appear in person at the same schools where their pictures are being shown. By a great effort on my part I believe we will have the outstanding entertainment feature of the week. I have been able to obtain through a little pull, the services of Miss Ethel Barrymore, for next week. This, I may say is quite a victory for North Toronto, over Jarvis, who will have to be content with Mae West. Another thing is—Say, where's the fire?" questions the principal as the male student body heads for the various exits.

"In her eyes, sir," shouts Desmond P. Fitzgerald.

"I know that—er I mean—but boys, where are you going?"

"To Jarvis," replies the male student body.

"Just a moment, I didn't know that you felt that way about her. I will arrange to have her come up and see you some—" Goltightly, realizing what he has just said, breaks off without finishing the quotation. "You see it was this way, boys, I thought that she 'Mae West' your time." The male student body sits down.

"Well, I am glad that you are sitting down again."

"We could not stand that last one," replies the M.S.B.

"Yes, of course, er, oh this assembly is now dismissed," mumbled a fast-sinking figure on the stage.

In case you are interested in the time, it is now 2.15. Not only is this story entertaining, but it is educational. For what other article brings you the correct time. ("And also the paper that it is written on, matches my little blue hat. Don't you think so, George?"—"Yes, I think so Gracie, and I think that it would have been a good idea, if the matches got in touch with the story, before the publishers did.) While George Burns is saying those cute things, I will chronologically list the events from 2.15 to 3.30.

2.15—I entered the Chemistry room and

saw a Mickey Mouse cartoon and the first reel of a picture on the Metallurgy of Silver.

2.45—I entered the French class, and heard Maurice Chevalier sing three new French songs through the medium of the "talkies".

2.55—I started a systematic tour of the various class rooms and picked up dictaphone records, left for students who missed the lessons of the previous day.

3.05—I wandered in the Ancient History room and began rummaging through copies of Latin papers. Finally, I am rewarded by seeing my name on one of the papers dated 193—. I then wonderd if I could graduate, and if so, when.

3.15—I entered the bridge room and sat down at one of the tables with Don Lowry and Bob Mitchell. (Yes, some of the old guard are still left in the school.) Not being able to find a fourth student, we decided to invite a Mathematics teacher, who was "kibitizing" at one of the other tables, to join us. "Glad to, gentlemen. What are the stakes? You know it adds interest to the game." "How does a fiftieth suit you, sir?" asked Don. "Well, I believe that if we play .473c for every 67 7-10 points, it would give you some added arithmetic training. Sort of killing two birds with one stone."

Part II.—Paradise Lost

At 3.30 the radio was turned on and the Principal's voice was heard to say,

"Students of North Toronto Collegiate: I have hitherto given you the utmost liberty in every phase of our school life. Most of you appreciated this and disported yourselves very satisfactorily. Unfortunately, there were the odd ones who took advantage of this freedom. A few moments ago it was my displeasure to notice some of the students playing a game commonly known as 'African Golf'. I was then forced to take away their pair of dice."

And this, dear reader, is how the students lost their Paradise.

* * * *

"Why do you look in the mirror so much?" asked the married man of the pretty new maid.

"Well, the mistress told me to watch myself when you were around."

THE HOWLER STAFF = WAY BACK WHEN!!

Elmer A. Doan



MARION MACKENZIE



OUR EDITOR-MARION GREENFIELD



ELMER (ADVERTISER) DOAN



MURIEL MULLOY



AT THE WHEEL-FELIX GREEN



ADELE ROOK



DONALD MAC EACHERN



PHYLLIS SANDHAM



RUTH YOUNG-ON THE ROCKS



JO KLEIN SOY MAIDEN



LOIS HOW



DESMOND FITZGERALD

EXCHANGE

Like everything else, the Exchange page is very apt to become monotonous with its constructive and destructive criticism; consequently, in an attempt to escape from the beaten path, we are giving you excerpts from the magazines that have been received in this department.

Woman Analyzed

Symbol—W.O.

A member of the human family.

Occurrence: Found wherever man exists.

Physical properties: All colours and sizes. Always appears in disguised condition. Surface of face seldom unprotected by coating of paint or film of powder.

Boils at nothing.

May freeze at any moment.

However, melts when properly treated.

Very bitter if not used correctly.

Chemical properties: Extremely active.

Possesses great affinity for gold, silver, platinum and precious stones of all kinds.

Violent reaction when left alone by men.

Ability to absorb all sorts of expensive food.

Turns green when placed next to a better appearing sample.

Fresh variety has great magnetic attraction.

Note.—(Highly explosive and likely to be dangerous in inexperienced hands.)

Vox Lycei, Central Collegiate

Institute, Hamilton, Ont.

* * * *

Examinations

There is something definitely wrong with examinations. The defect is that they are too boring. They are not interesting enough. Nobody's faltering spirits have ever been rallied by the chilling words, "Write a detailed account." Nor has the awful phrase, "In about three pages, describe—," ever helped an aspiring scholar to pass.

A good motto for those who set examination papers would be, "A laugh every line." To this end, the numbering could be done in some original fashion. There could be contests in numbering questions, and the teacher who numbered the examination paper so that the student could not tell how the questions

followed one another would get some little prize—a counting board for instance. A paper composed entirely of misprints, instead of only one quarter as they are now, would be a novelty possessing many great advantages. For instance each question would have three or four possible answers. Then there is the idea of asking questions without giving any marks for them. This would certainly keep the pupil alert. If he couldn't answer the question he would not lose anything, and if he could answer it the examiner would probably find out something he did not know before.

Model Literature Paper

Question, the First—

Name any book you happen to have read. (If the pupil is not in the habit of reading books he need not answer this question. There are no marks for it anyway. It was just asked out of curiosity.)

The Second Question—

Quote from memory the following gems:

(a) The Farmer in the Dell—20 verses.

(b) Julius Caesar, Act I, Scene 3, line 2007 to line 2010 inclusive.

Somebody has brought it to the author's attention that there are no such lines. That is all right. Nobody said there were.

Pupils will do either questions one and two or fail.

Lux Glebana—Ottawa.

* * * *

Also acknowledging:

The Twig—University of Toronto Schools.

The McMaster Monthly—McMaster University.

Garneau Echo—Edmonton, Alberta.

Acta Ridleana—Ridley College.

Tech Tatler—Danforth Tech.

Elevator—Belleville Collegiate.

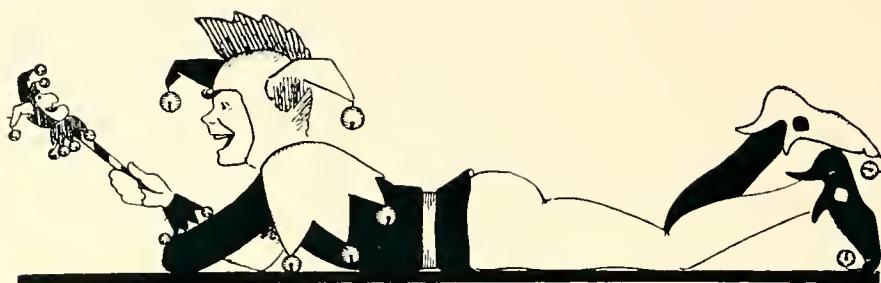
The Mitre—University of Bishop's College.

The Review—London Central Collegiate.

The Argosy—Sackville, N.B.

Blue & Gold—Mount Herman School, North Point P.O., Darjeeling, India.

The King's School—Parramatta, Australia.



JESTS WITH YE JESTER

T.K. Brown '31

Over the School Books

We imagine that there will be a general rush toward the Biology Lab. now that the news is out that Mr. Brennand has introduced a mid-morning meal called "Brunch." The menu varies. Sometimes, dainty earthworms, pickled in their own juice, are served. Other-times, relishes of seaweed or liverwort, fresh water clams, or oysters on the half shell (minus the oyster) comprise the repast.

Among other things we heard that Marg Henders and Fran Cuthbertson are going to drop that swagger; that Desmond Fitzgerald hopes to make next year's rugby team; that Elmer Doan and Art Dunbar are going to stop the rotten punning. Could it be so?

We wonder how long it will be before the teachers realize that the originality is just about gone off of "You're the worst form I've ever had."

Hand-knitted sweaters are very swish! For information apply to Florence Pugsley or Mary Ritchie. One young lady was reprimanded for knitting during a spare. Wouldn't it be fun if everyone did it? Can't you picture Mr. Ayers working on a pale pink afghan while talking about "mayzures" and "inertia" or while distributing "8.30's"?

* * * *

We wonder what this means. When the Howler staff picture was being taken Mr. Reynolds stepped in and immediately the film stuck!

* * * *

Mr. Keeling: "Baldwin, where is Hodgins?"

Ben Baldwin: "Oh, he's in the Aud. playing a duet; I finished my part first."

* * * *

Patient: "Oh Doctor, I am so wretched, I feel I want to kill myself."

Doctor: "Leave it to me."

Shiny noses are all right in New York; in fact, they're *the* thing there, but we haven't noticed any around here, except in the gym, and there—goodness sakes! We wonder if Mr. Page still intends to have the boys' half of the room fitted up with mirrors and shaving equipment if the girls insist on powdering their noses in his period. That would be great, Mr. Page; then we could use the mirrors, too.

Have you heard North Toronto's Cheer Song as it appeared after the newspapers' comments about high school rugby being too tough for the lads? Well, here it is:

N.T.C.I. we will fight for you;

Any cause will do,

Other teams we'll boo;

We'll go in to cut and bruise and maim,

All their blood we'll drain,

Raw! raw! raw! raw!

Blood and gore we'll always gladly share,

May our cross-bones e'er fly.

Victory comes while we swing

Knuckle-dusters on chins to ring.

So jeer! jeer! jeer! jeer! jeer!

We will fight again for N.T.C.I.!

How's that?

* * * *

Here's a new yell for you, folks:—

Rickety-Ry! Rickety-Ry!

We come from the north

And our record is high.

You think you can beat us?

See if you can!

We're back of our school

To a single man!

Yea, North Toronto!

* * * *

Query: "Is it true, Miss Greenshields, that you are going to be married soon?"

Answer: "Well, no, it isn't, but I'm very grateful for the rumour."

HARD EARNED WAGES

\$ \$ \$ \$

(ENGLISH WEEKLY)

An artist, who was employed to renovate and retouch the great oil paintings in an old church in Belgium, rendered a bill of \$67.30 for his services. The church wardens, however, required an itemized bill, and the following was duly presented, audited and paid:

For correcting the Ten Commandments.	\$5.12
For renewing Heaven and adjusting the stars	7.14
For touching up Purgatory and restoring lost souls	3.06
For brightening up the flames of Hell, putting new tail on the Devil, and doing odd jobs for the damned	7.17
For putting new stone in David's sling, and enlarging the head of Goliath	6.13

For mending the shirt of the Prodigal Son, and cleaning his ear	3.39
For embellishing Pontius Pilate and putting new tail and comb on St. Peter's rooster	2.20
For re-pluming and re-gilding the left wing of the Guardian Angel	5.18
For washing the servant of the High Priest and putting carmine on his cheek	5.02
For taking the spots off the son of Tobias	10.30
For putting earrings on Sarah's ears	5.26
For decorating Noah's Ark and putting new head on Shem	4.31
	<hr/> \$67.30

Herr Klinck (gazing with disgust at the group of chattering girls in the corner): "I guess this is as good a time as any to spread you girls around."

Enid Jacklin: "You aren't going to spread me around."

* * * *

Tommy came from the room where his father was hammering nails, weeping bitterly.

"What's the matter?" asked his mother.

"Boo-hoo! Father hit his thumb with the hammer.

"Well, you shouldn't cry, you should laugh."

"Boo-hoo—I—I did!"

* * * *

Boring young man: "You know, I'm funny that way—I always throw myself into any job I undertake."

Pretty girl, sweetly: "How splendid. Why don't you dig a well?"

* * * *

1st Medical Student: "What's worrying you?"

2nd Medical Student: "You know I am desperately in love with Miss Beautie."

"Yes, and I have noticed lately that she has a sad, dreamy, soulful expression."

"That's it. I don't know whether it's love or her liver."

Elderly Sister: "So Mr. Goldhatch said I had teeth like pearls. And what did you say?"

Young Brother: "Oh, nothing, except that you were gradually getting used to them."

* * * *

Hostess: "Won't you have another piece of pudding, Tommy?"

Tommy: "No thanks."

Hostess: "You seem to be suffering from loss of appetite."

Tommy: "It isn't loss of appetite. What I'm suffering from is politeness."

* * * *

Mr. Page: "Now class, turn to page 60."

Voice at back: "If you can't find 60, read page 30 twice."

Mr. Page: "That's enough wisecracking.—Don't make notes; just keep everything in your head as you go along and you'll have everything in a nutshell!" (Oh, Mr. Page!)

* * * *

Willie: "Mother, my Sunday School teacher never takes a bath."

Mother: "Why Willie, who told you that?"

Willie: "She did. She said she never did anything in private that she would not do in public."

» » CAUSTIC COMMENT « «

By Walter (Keyhole) Squint-chell

The medical profession seems to rival the political nowadays in the matter of grafting, but we understand it's only a skin game.

Scientists say that for a man to smoke nickel cigars is a slow death. We say—"Give him enough rope and he'll hang himself."

We understand that the depression has put a good many golf links on the cuff.

Seeing that high school students have taken to carrying fire-arms, we suspect that a few of our teachers will no longer be verbally knocked, but bumped completely off.

Mr. Page, who is so adept at instructing the Juniors in the art of handling the ball, had better look to his laurels. We understand he has acquired a ball and chain himself.

We wonder if the judges were influenced when they awarded the banner to North Toronto for "Clean-up, Paint-up and Beautify Week." Maybe Col. Wood arranged it so that they could see the girls at their lockers just before the bell.

We think that Mr. Ayres would make an excellent department store Santa Claus.

There has been a lot of controversy as to the roughness of football, but nevertheless we sympathize with the players when it is learned that they have to supply their own brass-knuckles and black-jacks.

Mr. Hitler seems to be gathering increasing numbers of "storm" troops. It is intimated, however, that he is interested in more than just the weather.

* * * *

"Bob told me I was the eighth wonder of the world."

"What did you say?"

"I told him not to let me catch him with any of the other seven."

* * * *

Newcomer: "Have you an opening for a bright North Toronto student?"

Employer: "Yes, and don't slam it as you go out."

* * * *

Teacher: "A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer."

Pupil: "No wonder I failed in Latin."

The advent of lawful liquor in the States has certainly boosted the "spirits" of the American people.

Though Mr. Bennett hands out honours to people against public opinion, he hopes that he will soon be "entitled" to(o).

It is said that the public school's track meet held here in the Fall was intended to stimulate the enthusiasm of the kids. Well, they're on the right track anyhow.

The Camera Club is our school's fastest developing organization.

Anyway Mr. Roosevelt's organization of C. C. Camps to transplant young trees might seem to be getting at the root of things.

It is rumoured that many a prominent Frenchman lost his shirt in the Bayonne pawnshop scandal. That's nothing—people get rid of them every day in Canadian pawnshops.

A much discussed Miss West has not only changed the current styles for women, but also the sayings of great men of history. Now it's "Go West, young woman, go West."

Cuba is rapidly gaining the title of the most democratic country in the world. It seems that every citizen, good or bad, gets a chance to be President.

The reason United States has recognized Russia is because the Soviet commissars are no longer disguised with the usual face spinach.

French furniture is not of the best quality. How do we know? Because the government is always changing its cabinets.

Natural History teacher: "What is a primaeval forest?"

Student: "A place where man's hand has never set foot."

* * * *

Teacher: "Why were you not at school yesterday afternoon?"

Pupil: "Please, sir, I was just crossing the street when I saw a steam roller."

Teacher: "Well?"

Pupil: "A man said to me: 'Mind the roller.' So I stayed and minded it all afternoon."

VICTORY TOAST

N.T.C.I. has won at last,
And Malvern was the victim;
We gave their senior team a point
And then went out and licked 'em.

Let's give the boys a rousing cheer,
They played the game and won it;
For ten long years they gave a fight,
And now at last they've done it.

Then let us rise once more and drink
To those for whom we cheer,
And then we'll offer up a prayer
For two good teams next year.
—Arn. Rothschild, 3L.

"THE RETURN OF THE FIFTH
FORMER"

(Very humble apologies to Wordsworth)

Five years have passed; five winters with a
length

Five times a summer's! and again I hear
The teachers asking for our absence notes
With loud outlandish holler.—Once again
Do I behold these thick and silly books
That on a placid and contented mind impress
Thoughts of suicidal nature, and connect
The schoolroom with the quiet of—the jail.
The day is come when I again repose
Here outside this office door and view
The coming third degree, befuddling queries
Which at this season when our unripe brains
Have no answers fashioned, bids fair to turn
Us into corpses. Once again I see,
With no uncertain notice, mighty droves
Of vagrant skippers from the dreary rooms
Before this Hermit's cave, where, by his book
The Hermit (?) spreads eight-thirties far and
wide.

—W. Barringer, 5D.

* * * *

Pupil (reading poetry): "Come, fill up my
cup, come fill up my can."

Teacher: "Come on, put some spirit in it."

* * * *

"Father," said Jimmy, "there's a big black
cat in the dining room."

"Never mind, Jimmy, black cats are lucky."

"This one is. He's got your dinner."

I DARE NOT

By

Margaret Viola Forsyth

I would not dare to write about
Frail butterflies and bees,
Nor yet of sparkling waterfalls,
Or rippling silver seas;
Of flowers in their dainty frills
A-peeping in the grass.
And shimmering trees whisked by the breeze
I dare not write, alas!
Pale golden fields of waving grain
Bask in the sun, I know it;
But of these things I dare not write
For I am not a poet.

* * * *



* * * *

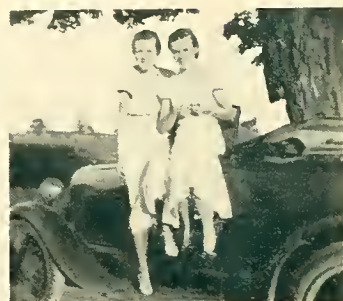
Son: "Dad, what is a boss?"

Dad: "A boss, my son, is a man who comes
to the office too early when I'm late and too
late when I'm early."

* * * *

Copy of a telegram Mr. Jones sent to Dr.
Smith: "Mother-in-law at death's door. Come
and pull her through."

WHO'S WHO?



FORM NOTE

5A

With Due Apologies
To Doctor Jameison and the Deceased Genius

Signor Jameison many a time and oft
In the lab. have you awakened me
From my vivid dreams of the night before.
Still have I borne it with a soulful sigh,
For misery is my lot in all my classes;
You call memisbehavior, half-wit, fool,
And crow about my mental wanderings,
And for sleeping when I have great need of it.
Well then, it now appears I need your help:
Forget what's past, I go to you and plead,
" 'Jamie,' I would have marks," so say I,
I that did shun your sage forecasts
And treat you as you were a head prefect
Or some such fine example (?)
Alas I see you will not heed me. Ho hum,
Boy am I tired! ZZZZZZZzzzzzzz.

* * * *

News flash! Doctor Whitelaw and Professor Gaynor are now winging their way over mid-Atlantic. We'll try and pick them up by wireless—Crackle, crack! splutter! !!*!

Prof. Gaynor: "Well doc., we're half way over. How's the gasoline supply?"

Doc. Whitelaw: "The gauge says 'half'. I don't know whether that means half full or half empty."

Sputter, crack! bing! BOOM!!

* * * *

There was a young fellow named Marshall,
Who was to punning quite partial;
He once said to Mitchell,
"Just a sec, I'll go mit you,"
Now they're wrapping him in a black parcel.

* * * *

Johnson (discussing U. S. A. conditions):
"You know, Powell, there are a lot of good people in the bier."

Powell: "Yes, and there is a lot of good beer in the people."

5B

INTERVIEWS FOR FAVOURITE
EXPRESSIONS

By Creg Glark and Fimmy Jrise

"We must get something for the Howler," I said. "Of course," replied my side-kick (who is more often a severe pain), "How about some jokes?" I slayed the fool with a glance. "Jokes," I said, in withering tones, "are not fit for the Howler." "Not your jokes," was the retort. I maintained a dignified silence.

At that moment a car back-fired and someone standing near us, who was evidently startled, exclaimed "Holy Skunks!"

"I wonder if that is his favourite expression?" my companion queried idly, and then with a yell of joy, pounced upon me.

"That's it, let's collect favourite expressions!"

"Well, you old son-of-a-gun," I stuttered, "for once you've got it. Absolutely got it. Let's start."

And so next morning we waited to find out what Melliush and Ford said, but being shy, retiring individuals, we decided to follow them on tiptoe down the hall.

M.: "Hold that tiger."

F.: "Umph!"

M.: "Hold that tiger."

F.: "Umph."

Alright, we'll have to let it pass; we can't bear it any longer.

Somewhat discouraged but determined to persevere in our best manner, we enquired: "Miss Greenshields, we were—"

"... + cos A + sin A + cos B + sin B."

"We're wondering if we—"

"... tan A — tan B; oh deah, it's all wrong! Don't bother me!"

* * * *

Wearily I closed my eyes . . . zzzz . . .

I was walking along a flower-strewn lane. A balmy breeze softly stirred the leaves of the trees. At my feet, little cherubs were playing. "This must be Heaven," I sighed blissfully. Suddenly I started. Could it—no, no, impossible, yes it was—Kirby, one of the group of angelic cherubim, wearing a big pink sash and carrying a tiny horn.

"Then this can't be Heaven," I gasped, "if Kirby is here!"

I was about to question him, when I saw approaching a seemingly familiar figure garbed in white, brow bound with roses, and carrying a harp. As the person drew closer, I saw it was—Desmond Fitzgerald.

"Desmond," I moaned, "what are you doing here? I thought this was Heaven."

He smiled brightly. "Yes, you are quite right, this is Heaven," adding rather modestly, "I am at present giving the little angels instruction in deportment."

"But Heaven," I cried wildly, "are you sure it's Heaven?"

"Oh quite," he replied, executing at the same time a slow hop and curve, "although you might not guess it from some people here. Miss Greenshields you know and—why here she is now," he added. And bless my angelic soul if she wasn't arrayed in robes as radiant as the stars, and leaning on St. Peter's arm. "Oh, you old flirt," I heard her say affectionately, "why I heard you say the same thing to Maxine only yesterday." "Maxine," I questioned, "not Maxine Wilson surely?" "The old Maestro, herself," I heard a sweet voice cooing in my ear. I could stand no more. I slipped to the ground, felt it open and found myself falling through clouds. Dimly I saw other figures rush up — two small giggling angels who looked like Helen Curtis and Marg. Speers. Then St. Paul, with a miniature McGoeys carrying his train hurried along with the four apostles, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John in attendance to a superbly angelic Jo Klein.

The picture faded. I was sitting in room 27 once more, while Mr. Brennand instructed a very earthly 5B about the earthworm.

* * * *

There's nothing new under the sun—and there's a lot of old stuff pulled off under the moon.

Marion Mix's Question Box

Editor's Note:—Miss Mix will answer your questions about love, etiquette, business and other matters.

Dear Miss Mix:

I take my pen in hand, to write you a few lines about a matter which has been distressing me since that popular song, "You gotta be a Football Hero to get along with a Beautiful Girl" came out. Now my problem is this: do I really have to play rugby when my girl is not beautiful?

Yours hopefully,

Fesmond Ditz-Gerald.

My Dear Fesmond:

By geometric reasoning I can prove to you that it is not at all necessary to play rugby since your girl is not beautiful. Cross out the "beautiful" and "rugby" and you have left a "player". Therefore you must take up music or the violin.

Yours truly,

Marion Mix.

* * * *

SCANDAL OF 5B

(Supplied at reduced rates)

By Detectives Tish and Tush

(Successors to Black and Blue)

Our Motto—If it swims, we have it.

* * * *

We would like to know—

Why Mg So4 are just passing things in life?

Why Paul McGoeys is so interested in a certain 4th form blonde, better known as "Dilly"?

Whether Mrs. C. B. uses banana oil or snake grease in her frying pan when preparing C. B.'s coddling-butter-moth worts?

Whether it is true or not that Marg. F. was engaged?

* * * *

We have found out—

That Len Hodgman, whose sister, Miss Hodgman, whose father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Hodgman, whose son Len Hodgman, is the brother of the daughter of the mother and father of Len Hodgman.

That "Jo" Klein can Havaline, Recline and Decline.

That Marg F.'s real name is Marguerita Hildegardbrand ("g" same as in watermelon) Forsythe.

5C

Dramatis Personae

Our teacher is named Mr. Bale,
Who is, as we see, very hale.

Although not so young,
His comments have stung
"Till we have become very pale.

We have a young student Bill Ball,
Whose virtues will you enthrall,
So stop, look, and listen
Before you start hiss'n'
This wonderful man, oh so tall!

* * * *

Conversation Overheard in 5C

"How arc thou?"

"Oh, I am radian to-day."

"I feel nice and cos. A myself."

"That's nice. You know Alphaceda?"

"Yes."

"Well, secant be so dumb as we thought B
cos. she had tan gents at her house one night
but it was her birthday."

Gosh, but of cosecant."

"Pie R you standing there looking so sec?"

"Y, I don't know, I'm only standing on my
own pheta."

"Huh, can you beeta that?"

"What?"

"There's Victor giving us the high sine al-
ready. Let's go."

* * * *

Steve—to haughty hussy: "Just because
you've got a shape like a stove you don't need
to think you're so hot."

* * * *

5D

Aviator (to Nicholson): "Have you been
up yet?"

Nicholson: "No sah! I stays on terra firma,
and the more firma, the less terra.

* * * *

Dentist: "I didn't know you had had this
tooth filled before. I see there's some gold
on my drill."

McCullough: "I haven't. I think you must
have struck my back collar-stud.

Mr. Baker: "Why don't you answer me?"

Ashworth: "I shook my head."

Mr. Baker: "Well, do you expect me to
hear it rattle away up here?"

* * * *

Mr. Baker: "What is a polygon?"

Gaynor: "A dead parrot."

* * * *

I dreamt that I died

And to Heaven did go.

"Where do you come from?"

They wanted to know.

"North Toronto," I answered—

My how they did stare!

St. Peter said "Welcome,

"You're the first one from there!"

* * * *

Ruth: "I want to see that show but I haven't
the money."

Adeline: "That's easy. Just go in backwards
and pretend you're coming out."

* * * *

Mr. Page: "For goodness sake, stop
talking."

Marg. (translating): "Keep holy silence."

* * * *

5E

We predict that in twenty years Dave Wal-
don will be a traffic cop at the corner of King
and Yonge Streets; Ralph Hindson will finally
have found a pair of pants to match his coat
or vice versa; we will be able to listen to Miss
Massey carry on a conversation with the teach-
er without grinding our teeth — much; Earl
Russel will still be looking around for an Alge-
bra problem that he cannot solve; Charlie
Channel will finally be able to twirl his mis-
placed eyebrow; Jim Wood will have his
grand smile stretched completely around his
head; Jim Hazelwood will be getting up early
enough so that he can eat his breakfast in at
least two minutes; and Mr. Reynolds will still
be the best Algebra teacher north and south
of the Equator.

* * * *

5F

Jack H. (criticizing Mr. Shaw's diagram):
Sir, your figure is all out of proportion."

Mr. Shaw: "Are you insinuating? Why the
other day my doctor told me I was in perfect
shape.

Briefs of N.T.C.I.—1950 5F

Pat Coyel, attending N.T.C.I., failed in only five subjects.

Among the new teachers to be received at this school was one Jack Hodgins, renowned Geometry professor.

Audrey Lindbergh, the ever present, lectured this afternoon on "Helpful Hints to Hedication Hopefuls."

The minute that seems a year—waiting for that bell to go.

* * * *

5G

Scene—Room 34.

Time—9 a.m. any morning.

Characters—Pupils of 5G, who may be viewed any time between 9.10 and 9.50 (oh yes! + Mr. Murdoch.)

As the curtain rises we see Mr. Murdoch seated at his desk, glaring at a piece of paper. There are a few (very few) other occupants of the room.

Mr. Murdoch (looking up): "Miss Jacklin, did you bring me your excuse for Wednesday morning?"

No answer.

Mr. M.: "I said, Enid! Did you . . ."

Enid (waking up with a start at hearing her name, grabs her Caesar and begins to translate): "And Cássivellaunus halted his troops and encamped in this place far into the night."

Mr. M. (absent-mindedly): "Well, why not tell Cassie and his friends to leave earlier the night before, so you can get to school in time after this?"

He continues to contemplate the paper. Time passes and suddenly there is a sound of sliding in the hall. Catching the door for support, Jean Carr hurls herself into the room, trying to look very dignified.

Mr. M.: "Now let's see, there are a lot of absentees here this morning." (At this point Ruth Byres, Newbold and Pollard exit.) The door opens, and Frances Cuthbertson flounces in, picks up her books and proceeds toward exit.

Mr. M.: "My petite demoiselle, are you leaving us?"

Frances (with disgust): "Oh, I'm changing my time-table. Ta-ta."

Work finally begins and after a great struggle ten girls are persuaded to put as many sentences on the board (sounds of a skirmish follow).

Mr. M.: "Ladies and others: I heard you the first time. Oh, take your seats, I'd rather do them myself. (He commences to tear his hair at the second sentence; by the last he is foaming at the mouth.)

Mr. M. (putting away his comp. book): "Take your Caesars."

Protesting Voices: "But sir, you said to bring the poetry book. (With a sigh takes up book—telephone rings.)

Gord Sutherland (answering): "Ingram? And what is the second name? (weakly) Oh!" (Sutherland walks out.)

Mr. M. (spying Ingram): "Why, I marked you absent. You weren't here when the bell went."

Ingram (disgustedly): "I know, sir. I've told you one hundred times, I'm not registered in 5G."

Mr. M.: "Ah yes, 5E isn't it?"

Ingram: "No sir, changed again; 5F now" (he goes out).

Mr. M.: "Muriel, translate."

Muriel: "I don't think I—"

Mr. M.: "Norah, go ahead."

(Our three Norahs) chorus: "I can't sir."

Mr. M.: "Well, proceed Frances."

The remainder of the period is spent by Mr. M. listening to Frances L., while we catch up on some badly needed sleep. As the bell goes to end the first period (with all due apologies to Foster Hewitt) we amble on, to continue our rest elsewhere, while Mr. M. mourns our fate and then forgets about us.

* * * *

Mr. Keeling: "In the government, the radicals are on the right wing, the conservatives on the left—you can have your choice of wings."

Dunbar: "I'll take a drumstick!"

* * * *

O why do you wear your clothes so tight,
With the weather so sticky and warm?

Fran. looked in the mirror and then replied:
Oh, simply a matter of form!

Time—Late Fall.

Mr. Teeter (after having asked a question) :
"What are you doing?"

Student (turning the pages of his note-book
furiously).

Mr. Teeter: "This is no time to be raking
up the leaves!"

* * * *

Mr. Page: "Do you remember last year in
Virgil when the goddess impaled Cyclops on
a sharp crag?"

Student: "But that's beside the point."

* * * *

4A

EVENTUALLY

(With apologies to Longfellow)

A soft wind murmurs through the towering
forest trees

And mars the oily surface of the ebbing seas.
Above the green-clad hills the morning sun
holds sway,

While in the vale below, sleeps the tiny village
of Grand Pré,

Still stands the forest primeval and the deep-
voiced neighbouring ocean
Whispers "contentment."

Many years have come and gone,
The village stands in the summer sun,
But the lusty crowing of the cock
Is silenced by a well-aimed rock;
Beside the road, a gaudy board
Announces the latest type of Ford;
At the historic site of the village well,
Arises a strange, a pungent smell;
And where stretched the olden forest bogs,
There stands a sign, "5c. Hot Dogs."

The shop where ancient ploughs were made,
Now sells candy and lemonade.
Carving letters on the moss-grown bucket,
Stands a tourist from Pawtucket.
Reclining on the sparkling sand
Lie tourists listening to the band.
Among the children round about
Resounds a fierce and nasal shout:
"Peanuts, pop-corn, chewing-gum."

And all about the trampled grass
Lies rubbish in a jumbled mass.
At last we see the name "Evangeline,"
We read 16c. the world's best gasoline.
We stroll the line as lovers did of yore,

But we are halted by a sudden shout of "fore."
In the square where soldiers formed in ranks
An orchestra supplies the tune of "Thanks."
And in the fields the song of a bird
Is drowned by shouts of "Come on, steal
third!"

And as we walk, we realize
There still remains one natural prize,
There still stands the forest primeval,
And the deep-voiced neighbouring ocean
Whispers "Baloney."

* * * *

Cooper: "That suit is three sizes too large
for you."

Wilson: "Yes, I know, I bought it in my
home town—I'm a bigger man there."

* * * *

Admirer: "That's a nice suit. Where did
you get it?"

Husband: "Oh, I bought it at Eaton's."

Admirer: "Does your wife pick out your
suits?"

Husband: "No, she only picks the pockets."

* * * *

Friend: "Wasn't that an amusing quarrel
you had with your wife last night?"

Husband: "Yea! When she threw the axe
at me, I thought I'd split."

* * * *

Bert S.: "Say, what do you do with your
spare time?"

Murray H.: "I'm a diamond-cutter."

Bert: "A diamond-cutter?"

Murray: "Yes, I cut the grass at the ball
park."

* * * *

Cooper: "I don't know what to do for the
week-end."

Phil McS.: "Have you ever tried using hair
tonic?"

* * * *

"Do you wake up with a grouch every
morning?"

"No, I divorced her."

* * * *

Doris C.: "Did you know a new meat mar-
ket has been opened by Hogg and Pigg?"

Eileen C.: "My goodness! I never sausage
a combination before."

* * * *

The only difference between Wilson and
Gracie Allen is that Gracie is only fooling.

Herr Klinck (just after Mr. Hornblast and Doris Collins have finished translating a rather "touching" scene in *Unter Vier Augen*): "That's fine! That's the way I like to see it done—no hesitation whatsoever!"

* * * *

Herr Klinck: (to tardy students): "Now I want you girls to get in on time. I just saw Colonel Wood walking along the hall with one of the members of the board."

Tardy Girls: "Sir, that was his wife."

Voice from the back: "Ha! ha!—the board of control!"

* * * *

No Blackbirds This Time

Only a man who has "been there" could have written the following:

Sing a song of penitence,
A fellow full of rye:
Four and twenty serpents
Danced before his eye.

When his eye was opened
He shouted for his life;
Wasn't he a pretty chump
To go before his wife?

* * * *

4B

Come gather round ye students and harken
unto me,
And listen while I tell you of
The wonderful form 4B.
Search round the school and through the
school,
And whatever forms you see,
None of them can possibly compare
With the wonderful form 4B.

And when you read this narrative you will I
know agree,
That never has there been a class
Like this wonderful form 4B.
In September when we had to pay
Our Association Fee,
Who got the pennant for paying up first?
Why this wonderful form 4B.

In athletics we excel as anyone can see,
For who won the Volleyball championship?
Why the athletic form 4B.
Who is the one who is the Tennis Single
champ?

Someone is asking me;
Well it's Ida Tipp, who is, of course,
A student of 4B.

* * * *

Louis Winnel was walking up to the front of the room. Someone tripped him.

Stan McFarlane: "He's like a parachute."

Chuck Gibson: "Why?"

Stan McFarlane: "He was made to fall."

* * * *

Miss Hampson: "The Persians melted away and the Greeks wanted to, but they hadn't any place to melt to."

Myrtle Andrews: "Why didn't they melt in Greece?"

* * * *

The Young Bride: "Men are too mean for anything."

"What's the matter now?" asked her best friend.

"Why, I asked Jack for the car to-day, and he said that I must be content with the splendid carriage that nature gave me."

* * * *

Ralph Hunt: "Who was the smallest man in history?"

Eleanor Doan: "I don't know."

Ralph Hunt: "The Roman soldier who went to sleep on his watch."

* * * *

Mr. Tolmie (to Myrtle Andrews): "What is Theorem 9?"

Myrtle tells him.

Mr. Tolmie: "Did you have your book open?"

Myrtle: "Yes."

Mr. Tolmie: "Your mind is like an open book."



Croft Huddelston (after talking to Audrey Kelly in German class) replies: "Tsch! tsch!"

Mr. Klinck: "What was that, Huddelston?"

Croft: "Only some German, sir."

* * * *

School Days

Johnny asked. Mary refused. Johnny begged. Mary blushed. Johnny argued. Mary hesitated. Johnny insisted. Mary resisted. Johnny tried. Mary surrendered.

So little Johnny carried Mary's books home from school.

* * * *

4C

Mr. Medcof: "Walters, how would you punctuate this sentence, 'The girl who was very beautiful smiled at me.'?"

Tommy Walters: "I'd make a dash after the girl."

* * * *

McCogue (passionately): "Je t'adore!"

Lois Freek: "Shut it yourself, lazy."

* * * *

McCogue has the teachers worried. He refuses to give them the key to his code of writing and they don't know what he writes about them on the exams.

* * * *

Mr. Page (roaring to trembling class): "Who dropped that pin back there? I tell you I won't put up with this infernal racket."

* * * *

The wrinkles in our form master's brow are due to the difficulty he is having in perfecting a machine which will correctly record and transmit the numerous names of those who are invited to the office each morning by Mr. Ayres.

* * * *

4D

The Scotch Rugby yell: "Get that quarter back."

* * * *

Bill Bowlen, star half-back of the Junior team, made thirteen successful passes in one game. Note: The dice were loaded.

* * * *

They laughed when Willis sat down at the piano—he'll never wear tight trousers again.

* * * *

Jolly: "Does Holmes like work?"

Gauley: "He likes nothing better."

They say Duncan Stewart always fries his bacon in Chipso—so it won't shrink.

* * * *

4D's comedians: "Colson and Johnson."

* * * *

Miss Laughlin: "If you want a thing done well, do it yourself."

Bill Boyd: "How about a hair cut?"

* * * *

Giffen: "Did you fill your date last night?"

Bond: "I hope so; she ate everything on the menu."

* * * *

4E

Marion: "Bob wants me to wear a grass skirt to the masked ball."

Bernice: "But, my dear girl, what are you going to do about it?"

Marion: "Oh, I'll just wriggle out of it."

* * * *

Mr. Lewis: "McKennedy, what do you know about Greek Syntax?"

McKennedy: "Gosh, did they have to pay for their fun too?"

* * * *

Contents of Gardener's Chem. notebook:

16 telephone numbers.

12 Drawings, girls' heads.

1 Imaginative drawing, a teacher.

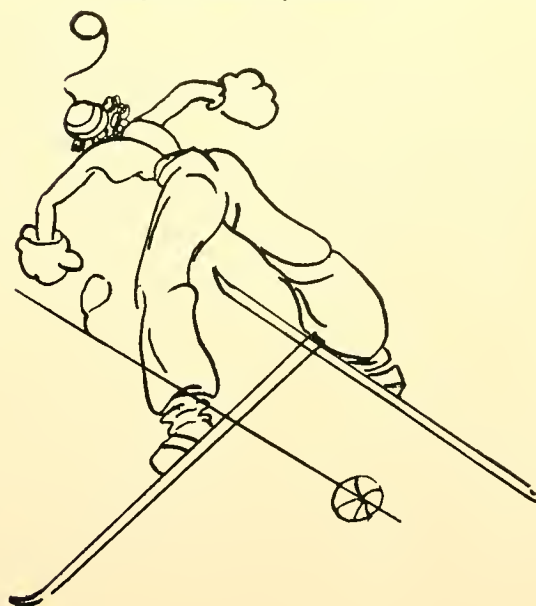
1 Preliminary draft, letter to Marg.

13 Rosedale addresses.

4 Forest Hill addresses.

1 Recipe, beer-with-a-kick.

5 Pages chemistry notes.



4F

Mr. Shaw: "Houston, don't sit there doing nothing just because you're good at it."

* * * *

Mr. Shaw: "Now take this badly broken angle."

Chorus: "This what?"

Mr. Shaw: "This rectangle."

* * * *

Mr. Lewis: "I have here some tickets at half price, for the Royal Alex. J. B. Priestley's 'Dangerous Corners' is on.—No, Houston, not 'Dangerous Curves'."

* * * *

Frank: "I'm knee-deep in love with you."

Anne: "All right, I'll put you on the wading list."

* * * *

McKnight: "Congratulate me, I got through in my exams."

Kirk: "Honestly?"

McKnight: "Why bring that up?"

* * * *

Mr. Lewis: "When was baseball first mentioned in the Bible?"

Freeman: "When Rebecca walked to the well with the pitcher."

* * * *

Believe It or Not—

—There's only one Rome in our Room (and that's too many).

—Bayly can't play hockey. We shore are glad.

—4F has only one Button (the rest are all zippers).

—"Kay" Allen is Mr. Shaw's pet aversion.

—There is only one Smith and he's white.

—"Mac" is not a Knight.

—Kirk may be Scotch but he's not a churchman.

—Hustwitt is not a wit (he's a half-wit).

* * * *

Pogue (auto demonstrator): "Now I'll throw in the clutch."

"Farmer" Evans: "I'll take her then. I knew if I held off long enough you'd give me something for nothing, b'gosh."

* * * *

Mr. Shaw: "I now subtract the side from the diagonal. What's the difference?"

Jackson: "That's what I say. Who cares?"

4G

Wat'son and *Thomp'son* went to *Washington* in their *Karr*. They wanted to hunt *Hawks* and for this purpose hired a *Bowman*. They paid him a *Nichol* and promised him another *Nichol* if he did well. They motored quite far that day, and at night found two trees, a *Petrie* and a *Hazelwood*, under which they camped. The next morning *Wat'son* shot a *Partridge*. This success made him a *Newman*. He was so happy that he played his *Fife*. A *Miller* from near-by heard him and was very annoyed. He hurried over and said, "*De-Klein* from making that noise." But *Wat'son* said, "I won't be *Bost* by you." Nevertheless, he put his *Fife* away and they set out once more.

* * * *

4G Next Year

Frances Thompson—Our promising English student.

Agnes Duthie—Oh! that Chemistry!

Ruth Bost—Still drawing horses.

McConaghy — Winning a scholarship in Geometry.

Petrie—Star of Senior Rugby.

Dunbar—Editor of *Howler*.

Partridge . . . ?

Roberts—Hanging out of Miss Hampson's window.

Hazelwood—Coaching the Juniors.

Fife—Somewhere far from Klein's fist.

* * * *



4H

Amid breathless silence waiting,
 4H in fifteen sits quaking,
 While McCullough fusses
 With chemical musses
 Which end in a premature smash
 Reminiscent of the line's final clash.

Somewhere amid these Educational Towers
 By diligent search you'll find Eddie Powers,
 But if you're real bright
 You'll look to the right
 When at the next game the crowd masses
 And cheers while the rugby ball passes.

In basketball Ted shines,
 In corners he pines,
 But when he tries oratory
 The class feels exploratory,
 Until looking at his socks
 They collapse with visible shocks.

* * * *

Mr. Page: "Haven't I told you never to speak while I am speaking?"

Miss Warner: "But Mr. Page, you never stop."

* * * *

Brisley (eating chicken soup in the school cafeteria): "The farmer who killed this chicken had a kind heart."

Smith: "What makes you think so?"

Brisley: "Well, he must have hesitated seven or eight years before he got enough nerve."

3A

Form 3A is sure a wow!
 We have lots of fun, and how!
 You hear them say
 That Form 3A
 Is better than ever now.
 We'll start it off with Donald Gray,
 Girls to him can never say nay.
 Blondie Smith is cute and coy,
 Very argumentative is our dear Toye.
 Very endearing is Troyer's smile,
 But Blair has him beat a mile.
 Full of fun is Brisley,
 Deep in thought is Barton.
 St. Lawrence has a lot of brains,
 Bedell sure has lots of janes.
 Hislop is *our* little sheik,
 Harper, well he's rather meek.
 Plewman has the nicest curls,
 Mitchell doesn't care for girls.
 Clugsdon hasn't any sweetie,
 Omniscient in French is Herb. Beatty,
 The girls? Ah! 'Tis sad to say,
 Saw Keeling's joke and passed away.

* * * *

There's a cabin on the campus
 Where the little children freeze,
 Where the paint is on in patches,
 Where the tired sleeps with ease.
 Where the wind plays havoc with our books,
 Where the teacher gives us dirty looks,
 Where the snow comes fluttering through the cracks,



And forms a blanket on our backs.
Thus the pupils of 3A
Find the portable day by day.

* * * *

Mr. Keagey: "It hurts me just as much as it does you."

Mr. Reynolds: "Re-e-e-e-form Ranks!
Mar-r-r-r-ch!"

* * * *

Miss Fenwick:
"Ready. 1, 2; 1, 2;
1, 2; 1, 2."

Mr. Forsythe: "And if that isn't sufficient, I can give you some more."

Col. Wood: "Now! figure out a way to get back in."

R. Scott: "Has anyone got a nickel?"

* * * *

Miss Keagey:
"Blackwell, don't you think there is music in the sky?"

Blackwell: "I don't know about that, Miss Keagey, but I've heard of the sun causing belles to peel."

3 A B



3B

Blackwell: "Have you heard the one about the dirty collar?"

Crossley: "No."

Tom: "That's one on you."

* * * *

Scott's father was visiting Greece and while he was there he sent Ralph a postcard reading: Dear Son,—

On the other side of this card there is a picture of the rock from which the Greeks throw their defective children.

Wish you were here,

Dad.

* * * *

Famous Last Words

Miss Mahoney: "How many have prepared their history review?"

Mr. Baker: "Alright now! Cut it out back there!"

Miss Allen: "I ought to know more about it than you."

Mr. Page: "Who messed up the board with this?"

3C

Thomas and his *Cozens*, *Lewis* and *Mac*, decided to go to school one day. As they were walking along they saw *Danger* (a) *Field* in the shape of a *Fulton* of coal advancing upon them. "Give us our swords and *Shields* and we will catch it," they cried. When they had caught it, they said, "We will *Gibson* to the *Cook* who *Stokes* the furnace." So they *Foster* to take it, and hurried, *Broadley* speaking, for fear they might be late. Suddenly they met a *Stiff* man smelling strongly of *Gar(e)lick*. "Hands up, *Ellis*, you are a *Dedman*," he said to *Thomas*. "Do you wanna buy a duck?" asked *Lewis*, to calm him. "How much is the *Duckworth*?" "Nothing," was the reply. "*Laking* you as I do we shall *Alconb(r)ack* to the *Barrick(s)* and see *David(s)son*." But they answered that they could not as they had made a *Bond* to go to school that day. "*Walker* long then," the man said, "I see *John(s)son* so I will go with him." They hurried on and entered the big *Blackhall* just in time.

They tell me that in Germany a small boy was arrested and impounded for playing a Jew's harp.

Our Form in 10 Years

Trimble—Cutting meat.

Stokes—Professor of Physics at N.T.C.I.

Stiff—Professor of Communism at N.T.C.I.

Shantz—Happily married to Miss Blackhall.

Dedman—A dentist.

Broadley—1st class street cleaner (ready for promotion).

Dunbar—Still looking for Shanghai Lil.

Gibson—No address.

Johnston—Peeling spuds on the Chippawa.

Durham—Vainly attempting to reform Upper Canada.

Duckworth—Now on the Board of Control.

Foster—Stokes' apt pupil in Physics.

Lewis—Pitching hay "Way out West."

Alconbrack — Coaching the Port Credit Juniors.

Miss Robertson—Teaching first grade in the little "Red School House."

Miss Cook—Subbing for Greta Garbo.

Miss Weymouth—Looking for Don Moir.

Miss Blackhall—Happily married to Shantz?

Miss Shields . . . ?

Note.—Yes! We know this line has often been used but we thought we'd try it again anyway.

* * * *

3D

Don: "Your brother just saw me kiss you. How much should I give him to keep quiet?"

Ruth: "He usually gets 50c."

* * * *

Mother: "Margaret, get right off John's knee."

Margaret: "Not a chance, mother, I was here first."

* * * *

Elderly Lady (entering late while the orchestra is playing): "What are they playing now?"

Elderly Husband (without looking at program): "Can't you see the notices on each side of the platform? It's the 'Refrain' from 'Striking Matches'."

* * * *

Kelly: "I had a nightmare last night."

Rapp: "Yes, I saw you with her."

Dentist (to Macintosh in chair): "There's no need to pay until it's all over."

Macintosh: "I'm only counting my money before I get the gas."

* * * *

Gregory (after waiting in line in caf. for 15 minutes, speaks impatiently to waitress): "Have you ever been to the zoo?"

Waitress: "No."

Greg.: "Well, you ought to go—you'll enjoy seeing the tortoises whiz by."

* * * *

Greg. (after showing his poem to the form rep.

Davidson: "What did he say about your poem?"

Greg.: "He said it was so bad, it couldn't be 'verse'."

* * * *

Tyndall: "Are you fond of dumb animals, Grace?"

Grace D.: "If you are proposing you will have to ask papa."

* * * *

Can You Imagine

Maybee doing his Algebra?

Rolph forgetting a History date?

Sakloff without a detention?

Kelly being on time?

Mann without a come-back?

Rapp without a pun?

Miss Nicholson not chewing gum?

Miss MacKinnon not skipping French?

Karry with his French homework done?

Rochester failing in Physics?

The class on time for Latin?

Miss McGuire with her Latin done?

* * * *

3E

Jolly: "When are volunteers not volunteers?"

Weaver: "When they are mustered."

* * * *

Francis: "Why is dough like the sun?"

Rapp: "When it rises it is light?"

* * * *

Miss Downey: "When is coffee like the soil?"

Miss McGuire: "When it is ground."

* * * *

Rolph: "When is a pretty girl like a ship?"

Mann: "When she is attached to a buoy."

* * * *

Seekloff: "When is a chair like a lady's dress?"

Morton: "When it is sat-in."

* * * *

Smith: "When is a man not a man."

Magee: "When he is a shaver."

* * * *

3F

A Day in 3F to Music

Rising—Lazy Bones.

8.56 a.m.—I've gotta pass your house.

Auditorium—Learn to croon.

Physics—Don't do anything I wouldn't do.

French—Don't blame me.

Algebra—Me minus you.

English—Thank heaven for you.

Latin—Isn't it heavenly.

Lunch—Gotta go.

P.T.—I'll neve' be the same.

History—Down the old ox road.

Detention—It isn't fair.

Homework—Morning, noon and night.

* * * *

Col. Wood: "Haven't you a fire extinguisher for this portable?"

Mr. Gerrow: "No."

Col. Wood: "Well, I guess they won't burn up if the place does catch on fire."

Mr. Gerrow: "Oh, they'll burn all right; they're not green."

* * * *

Line (in class): "I have a new little brother at home. Is it true that he came from heaven?"

Teacher: "Of course!"

Line: "What a fool to come from heaven to our house."

* * * *

Fetherstone: "I started out after I graduated from high school on the theory that the world had an opening for me."

Teacher: "And you found it?"

Fetherstone: "Well rather! I'm in a hole now."

* * * *

Scene I.—Juliet comes out on the balcony and whispers "Romeo". Then silence. Romeo comes into view, chanting "I'm coming, I'm coming, but my head is bended low; I hear your gentle voice calling Rome-e-e-o-o-o."

Scene II.—Romeo and Juliet are sitting spooning when a knock is heard.

Romeo hollers: "Who's there?"

Answer: "The Merchant of Venice."

Romeo: "That's fine, bring me some Hamlet and eggs."

Merchant: "As you like it. How about a little Welsh Rarebit, Romeo?"

Romeo: "Oh, no, that would give me A Midsummer Night's Dream."

* * * *

3G

Meen: "Any motorist who rounds a sharp bend in the road with too much enthusiasm is liable to take a turn for the worse."

* * * *

Little green parrot

In a cage

In a rage.

My word,

What we heard;

Naughty bird!

* * * *

Mally Brown says that going to extremes is having chilblains and a cold in the head at the same time.



THE RUGBY DANCE WAS
A HUGE SUCCESS.

3H

Mr. Forsythe (after doing an experiment):
"Lights, please."

Silence — zip — crash — tinkle.

Kingsmill: "Here you are, sir."

* * * *

Norah McCherry: "Ain't Coutts 'grand'?"

Edith Johnston: "Your French is all right
but your eyesight is bad."

* * * *

Personalities

If there is any Rumbling in the form we
know who to blame.

* * * *

Ken Coutts almost lost all his hair when
we began to take up the extraction of roots in
Algebra.

* * * *

You got to be Sharp to know the work.

* * * *

The correct name for Hill should be Mound,
for he is only 5 ft. 6 in. tall.

* * * *

Mr. Frank (substituting for Miss Keagey):
"Who's Soper?"

Rousell (speaking for class): "We all are!"

* * * *

Soper: "Miss Sharp, please stop talking.
Your badness reflects upon yourself."

Miss Sharp: "Then you had better never
look in a mirror."

* * * *

Mr. Reynolds (Algebra): "Coutts, there
are some little pieces of paper near your seat."

Coutts: "Yeh! I know! Denison just
dreamt that he was married so I tried to
oblige."

* * * *

Miss Allen: "Is Davis here?"

"Yes, Miss Allen." A few seconds elapse—
then, "Er-uh-er-yes, Miss Allen."

Miss Allen: "Russell is here but I have my
doubts about Jack."

* * * *

One scholar: "Who broke that window?"

Another scholar: "The slug-machine at the
Roehampton Pharmacy."

3K

Scene—On board the good ship "Hearts of
Oak," carrying a load of Canadian trees,
bound for England.

First Mate: "Some storm, eh Cap?"

Silence.

First Mate: "Some storm, eh Cap?"

Silence.

First Mate: "Some storm, eh Cap?"

Captain: "Say listen, that's *tree* times you've
said that."

First Mate: "I know, but I just wanted to
ask what chance we have."

Captain: "Oh, we *maple* through."

First Mate: "Oh, how I *pine* to be with my
little ones."

Captain: "Well *spruce* up, me lad."

First Mate: "Say Cap, I would like to *ash*
you a question."

Captain: "Oak, go ahead."

First Mate: "What's that I *cedar* in the
water?"

Captain: "That's the 3-mile float."

First Mate: "Oh *buoy*, we haven't *fir* to go."

At this time in *punishing* story the Second
Mate appears, all aflutter and bursting with
excitement.

Second Mate: "Captain, we've sprung a
leak."

Captain: "Get back and fix it, that's the
most *poplar* remedy."

Second Mate: "We can't sir, we're half sub-
merged."

Captain: "Have *Hem lock* our papers in the
safe and prepare to drown."

Second Mate disappears down the *hatchway*.

Captain: "*Walnut*, what's it going to be?"

First Mate: "What do you mean, sink or
swim?"

Captain: "Naw! It's going to be *chess*, *nut*."

Second Mate (reappearing from the under-
wear—pardon me, I mean hatchway): "The
white mice are under the trees and everyone
has started to *balsa*."

Captain: "The mice *wood* be, *fir* heaven's
sake."

First Mate: "Alas, my friend."

Captain: "You'll ask me what?"

First Mate: "*Alaska* to lash me to the *elm*."

3L

Tobias asked his grandmother to Reade him a story if he, in return, would Wheeler down to the store in her wheel-chair. She answered, "I Wilson." It was a topsy Turvey story and How!

She read: "At the break of Don the Cock began to crow. Over Thayer a Weaver was seen with a Gray shawl around her shoulders. A very Rothschild named Tucker came along with a Newman—who was a Morter. They talked to the old lady and planned ill against MacInnes, Wittmann and Jones Co." Just at this point of the story the clock struck four, and his grandmother said, "No Morrison today." When he would Nott behave she kept John at him and told him to act like a Warburton, and then to-morrow she would finish the story and tell him another about Poppleton, Hodgson and Kennedy.

* * * *

Favourite Sayings of Our Teachers

Mr. Gerrow: "Incidentally . . . Thanks."

Mr. Lewis: "Gentlemen, please!"

Miss Tilston: "You may go."

Miss Mahoney: "Would someone please open one of those windows?"

Mr. Teeter: "You can't find anything until you know what you are looking for."

Miss Fenwick: "Come on, you old ladies."

Miss Allen: "When I was travelling in France."

* * * *

We Wonder

Who wins the arguments, Grace Nott or Mr. Lewis.

Why Tony Hargreaves always goes to Muriel Gray for back notes.

If Harding likes writing poetry: He looks the type.

If Genevieve really has a New-man.

Does Gwen really crow like a Cock?

* * * *

2A

Mrs. Robbin: "Jim, how is it that you have lower marks in January than in December?"

Jim: "Oh, everything is marked down after Christmas."

Our Cafe

First Pupil: "I just had ox-tail soup for dinner and I feel bully."

Second Pupil: "That's nothing, I had hash and I feel like everything."

* * * *

2B

Mr. Farmer: "What is a worm?"

Cam. Grant: "A caterpillar that belongs to a nudist colony."

* * * *

Miss Allen: "McCormick and Wenger, stop talking."

McCormick: "You know birds of a feather stick together, Miss Allen."

Cheeseworth: "Yea, cuckoos."

* * * *

Mr. Lewis (favourite song): "You are my past, my present (indicative) and my pluperfect."

2C

French Occasional: "Is this sentence compound or simple?"

Roberts: "Compound to me but simple to everyone else."

* * * *

Thoughts of 2C during an Exam

MarsHall

BarrOn

StunaP

BakEr

StanLey

PortEr

McPherson

GanSby

* * * *

Miss Menzies was taking up "Kenmont Willie." We arrived at the point where Dickie of Dryhope runs the "fausee of Sahilde" through with his lance because he had "ne'er a word to say." "Right to the point," remarked Miss Menzies.

2D

Miss Laughlin: "Clarke! What have you been doing?"

Clarke: "Taking part in a guessing contest."

Miss Laughlin: "But I thought you had a Latin exam?"

Clarke: "I did."

* * * *

Flunked in Latin, failed in Maths,

I heard him softly hiss,

I'd like to find the guy who said

"Ignorance is bliss."

Mr. Gerrow: "There's someone in this class making a jackass of himself; when he's finished I'll begin."

* * * *

West: "What do you make boots from?"

Shoemaker: "Hide."

West: "Why should I hide?"

Shoemaker: "Hide, hide, the cow's outside."

West: "Let the old cow come in, I'm not afraid."

Teacher's Opinion of 2D

Howard Smith

Frank KNapp

Johnson Turnbull

Marjory Rogers

Allan Lamb

Horace Love

Peggy Whitham

John Gomer

Lois Coleman

Aubrey Young

Nancy Taylor

2E

McTaggart (to Dalziel): "Do you understand Theorem VII?"

Dalziel: "Yes sir!"

McTaggart (to the rest of the class): "Then I may take it for granted the rest of the class understands it too."

* * * *

Tait and Ward do look very much alike. We venture to wonder which of the two finds this most insulting.

* * * *

Bill Greig: "Thelma, will you marry me?"

Thelma: "No, Bill, but I'll be a sister to you."

Bill: "Well, tell your father not to forget his son in his will."

We believe that Roberts must know a blush in time saves nine.

* * * *

We would also like to know what Miss Fletcher and Kuhn converse about so often and so quietly in that part of the room farthest removed from "dear teacher."

* * * *

To satisfy the curiosity of a lot of people: Miss Fletcher and Kuhn both come from Quebec and therefore have something (?) in common.

2F

Miss Laughlin: "Who was Michael Angelo?"

Helen Poslin: "A 'chizzelor.'"

* * * *

Thelma Ransom: "May I put my foot on this stool, sir?"

Mr. McTaggart: "I guess so, it's a fairly wide one."

* * * *

We have in our Form 2F—

Payne but no doctor.

Clark but no beans.

Archer but no arrows.

Hick but no farmer.

Ransom but no money.

Macintosh but no apples.

Alexander but not "Great."

King but no Prince.

Gray but no black.

1A

Trow, he was a lanky guy,

He liked the girlies fair,

And every time he saw a girl,

He'd start to comb his hair.

Wedlock is a ladies' man,

Deny this statement if you can;

When damsels are in sore distress,

He takes their part with happiness.

Miss Hicks in Algebra did preside,

When much to her vexation,

Laughter, she could not successfully
hide,

Burst forth to relieve irritation.

* * * *

What the Class Wonder

Why Trow liked "Dinner at Eight."

Why the clock was fast when Hicks arrived late.

Why Stainton never finds the classroom until the bell rings.

Where Spencer got his permanent.

Why White is so quiet.

Why Huke never cracks a smile.

How Lovering always knows his French.

Why Mills tries to be so exact.

Why Minear always tries to beat everyone.

Why Suitor is always smiling at Wedlock.

1B

What our teachers produce:

Tilston

REynolds

PhilipS

STrangways

HarrisS

* * * *

Miss Tilston to Montgomery: "Translate the verb 'to laugh'."

Je grin

Nous splitz

Tu smirke

Vous snikker

Il giggle

Il's bustent

* * * *

1B's Possessions

McCormack but no biscuits.

Bowes but no butter.

Keen but no mustard.

Awde but no even.

Fox but no wolf.

Foote but no hands.

Gaynor but no Janet.

Potts but no pans.

Mackenzie but no King.

Partridge but no quail.

Hamilton but no Toronto.

* * * *

1C

A few *Weeks* ago we went to the bush to pick *Berrys*, which we sold to the *Porter* at the station for a *Nichol* a box. We wore our old *Lacey* clothes. There were ten of us and *Franke* drove the *Fullford*. We also had our *Tough* little dog, who was a great *Barker* and very *Cumming*. While we were going along the road a *Bear* suddenly appeared. Someone yelled *Wheeler* the other way and we *Darted* past. We arrived home to find that the *Cooke* had some *Campbell's* soup ready for us.

* * * *

Rigsby was reading. Presently he paused and took the volume to Mr. Houston.

"Mr. Houston," he said, "what does it mean by diplomatic phraseology?"

Mr. Houston thought for a while before he said:

"My boy, if you tell a girl that time stands still while you gaze into her eyes, that would be diplomacy; but if you were to tell her that her face would stop a clock you would be in for it."

We'll have to hire an interpreter next to tell Maclain and Cumming that in the country we came from we had a language of our own too.

* * * *

1D

We are wondering why Beatrice Fean is always giggling. I guess she needs a little tightening up.

* * * *

Jim: "You know something, my sister got a pearl out of an oyster."

Jack: "Why that's nothing, my sister got a diamond out of a nut."

* * * *

The Trials of a School-Master

Teacher in Arithmetic: "If there were three peaches on the table and your little sister took one, Johnny, how many would be left?"

Johnny: "How many sisters would be left?"

Teacher: "Now listen, Johnny: If your sister ate one of the three, how many would be left?"

Johnny: "We ain't had no peaches in the house this year, let alone three."

Teacher: "We are only supposing that there were peaches."

Johnny: "They wouldn't be real peaches."

Teacher: "No."

Johnny: "Or pickled peaches."

Teacher: "No, no. There wouldn't be any, we are only supposing."

Johnny: "Supposing what?"

Teacher: "That there were three peaches."

Johnny: "Yes."

Teacher: "And your little sister eats one."

Johnny: "She'd eat the three — you don't know my little sister."

"Stop me, if you have heard this one!"



Monday in 1E

9.00—Form room.—See you in the eighth period.

9.10—Gym.—Where is your uniform?

10.35—French.—All we need is to be a little quieter.

11.15—History.—Who made that remark?

11.55—Composition.—If you're not a little quieter, etc.

1.30—Latin.—If you don't get 90% in this test, etc., etc.

2.10—Algebra.—Boy, remember where you are.

* * * *

Miss Mahoney: "How do you spell 'little'?"

Brady: "L-i-t-t-l-e."

Miss Mahoney: "You should spell it 'L-i-double t-l-e.'"

Next day Brady had to recite the verse beginning: "Up, up, my love, the sun is shining," but he wasn't going to be caught again, so he said, "Double up, my love, the sun is shining."

* * * *

David Faber and Frank Barrick sit first and second in the row. Frank wanting to talk to David, touches his shoulder. One day while the occasional teacher, Mr. Speers, was teaching in the 7th period, Colonel Wood came quietly in and touches David's shoulder. David, disgustedly, "Is that you again?"

* * * *

Phyllis Shaw, the "star" soprano of the school, made a brave attempt to sing, "I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree," but her voice broke down on the top note. After three unsuccessful tries a voice from the assembly (Smith) hall suggested kindly: "Try hanging it on a lower branch, miss."



THE BIG BROADCAST

On January 24th, 1934, the Literary and Dramatic Society staged its first riot of the year. Rest assured, though, for it was not the type of riot so popular in the Chicago milk war, but an out and out laugh riot, popularly entitled, The Big Broadcast. This promising title brought a packed assembly; the girls praying for a glimpse of Bing Crosby, and the boys for a large portion of Kate Smith. Neither boys nor girls were entirely disappointed, although Bing and Kate were forced to substitute, as were all the other radio stars.

Ed. (Wallington) Golightly genially announced the opening of the big Station N.T.C. Studios, and, as the curtain rose, Jack (Whiteman) Hodgins and his boys crashed forth to tune of Rhapsody in Blue (?), while Bud (Bernie) Shapiro cooed foamy phrases about Pabst Blue-Ribbon Beeah! Then followed a galaxy of vocal stars led by Kate Smith, Bing Crosby and the Mills Brothers, all accompanied by Hodgin's Collegians and punctuated by breezy witticisms à la Bernie. Several brilliant imitations of the nonsense of Ed. Wynne, the supercilious stutterings of Roy Atwell, and the crudities of Bert Lahr and Schnozzle Durante, were intermingled with orchestra selections, an accordion solo, and an exhibition of ivory-pounding by (Gershwin) Bassett.

These were only a few of the laugh and thrill-provoking highlights of this well arranged programme, and the Literary and Dramatic Society should be congratulated on its splendid and successful effort in promoting a programme that consistently "brought down" the packed house and created an unprecedented enthusiasm in the activities of the club. It is rumoured, and we hope it's true; that they are going to present it again soon.

Special comment should be made as to the excellent manner in which the members of Form 4G enacted "The Crimson Cocoanut," by Ian Hay, which preceded the Broadcast. I am sure they are to be heartily congratulated also, by the school as a whole.

Don. Kuba
Don. Leimichal
Hundred and Two

Jack Sheldon
111 Knap
THE HOWLER, 1934

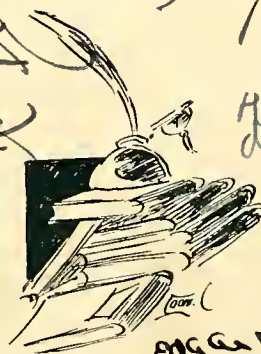
Autographs
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R. Laughlin
Thomas Wilson

Ed. Williams
J. F. Gauley
W. W. Winger
Eleanor Walker
G. V. Hargreaves
Jane Myers

Bob Watson
J. Turnbull
Bob Ames
D. Lewis
Jack Davidson
Joe A. Bowman
Marjorie Mason
Nora Cross

Johann Klein
Bill Saunders
Elizabeth Scott
Russell Davis

Kenneth Ricks
Harold Brett
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Bill Campbell
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Ed. Beck
Prof. Hefgen
Professor Day



Bill Martin
Jack Davidson
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Professor Day



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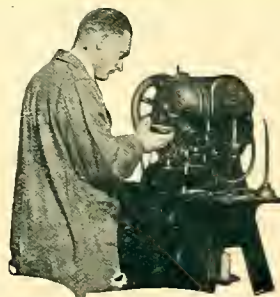
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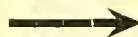
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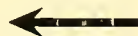
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We also wish to thank the student body for their support. Directly and indirectly you made our task easier. We would only ask that you continue to patronize the advertisers in your Howler. It is they who made this book possible. Without them, a book will be an impossibility next year. It is your magazine and on your co-operation depends its success or failure. The merchants here listed are reliable and they are worthy of your bigger and better business.

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